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Eliza Mostyn

VIRGIL'S Æneid,

Tranſlated

By Mr. PITT,

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THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

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---------*Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis*
Captus amore leget. VIRG.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:
Printed by J. HUGHS, in Lincoln's-inn-fields,
For ROBERT DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.
M,DCC,XL,III.

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VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia the heiress of his crown. Turnus, who is in love with her, being favour'd by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made; and engages, in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

YOU too, Cajeta, whose indulgent cares
Nurst the great chief, and form'd his tender years,
Expiring here (an ever-honour'd name!)
Adorn Hesperia with immortal fame:
Thy name survives to please thy pensive ghost;
Thy sacred reliques grace the latian coast.
Soon as her funeral-rites the prince had paid,
And rais'd a tomb in honour of the dead;
(The sea subsiding, and the tempests o'er,)
He spreads the flying sails, and leaves the shore.
When, at the close of night, soft breezes rise,
The moon in milder glory mounts the skies:
Safe in her friendly light the navy glides;
The silver splendors trembling o'er the tides.

Now by rich Circé's coaſt they bend their way,
(Circé, fair daughter of the god of day;)
A dangerous ſhore: the echoing foreſts rung,
While at the loom the beauteous goddeſs ſung.
Bright cedar brands ſupply her father's rays,
Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze.
Here wolves with howlings ſcare the naval train,
And lions roar, reluctant to the chain.
Here growling bears and ſwine their ears affright,
And break the ſolemn ſilence of the night.
Theſe once were men; but Circé's charms confine,
In brutal ſhapes, the human forms divine.
But Neptune, to ſecure the pious hoſt
From theſe dire monſters, this enchanted coaſt,
A friendly breeze to every ſail ſupplies;
And o'er the deeps the rapid navy flies.
Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
And Ocean reddens with the riſing morn;
The winds lie huſh'd; the ſwelling ſurge ſubſides;
And with their bending oars they labour thro' the tides.
From hence the heroe view'd a range of woods;
Thro' the dark ſcene roll Tyber's glittering floods;
With circling whirlpools urge their winding way,
And lead their yellow waters to the ſea:
The painted birds, that haunt the golden tide
And flutter round the banks on every ſide,
Along the groves in pleaſing triumph play,
And with ſoft muſic hail the dawning day.
Smooth o'er the ſhaded floods, at his command,
The painted gallies glide, and reach the land.
Now, goddeſs! aid thy poet, while he ſings
The ſtate of Latium, and her antient kings;

Her

Her dark confuſions from their birth explores,
When firſt the Trojans reach'd th' heſperian ſhores.
Thou, thou, great Erato! my ſoul inſpire,
To ſing each furious fight with equal fire.
A mightier work, a nobler ſcene appears;
A long, long ſeries of deſtructive wars!
Kings againſt kings engag'd in dire alarms!
And all Heſperia rouz'd to all the rage of arms!
Latinus o'er the realm the ſway maintain'd;
And long in peace the hoary prince had reign'd;
From Faunus and a fair laurentian dame,
A lovely nymph, the mighty monarch came.
From Picus, Faunus drew his birth divine;
From Saturn, he, great author of the line.
Fate from this king had ſnatch'd each blooming ſon;
And one bright daughter heir'd th' imperial throne.
Fir'd by her matchleſs charms, the youths repair
From all the realms around to court the fair;
Bold Turnus too the royal maid addreſt,
Whoſe birth and beauty far ſurpaſt the reſt.
The latian queen, to gain ſo brave a ſon,
Had made the blooming heroe's cauſe her own.
Vain was her aim, for every power divine
Withſtood the match, with many a dreadful ſign.
Amid the court a laurel roſe in air,
Preſerv'd for ages with religious care;
This venerable plant Latinus found,
When firſt his town with riſing tow'rs he crown'd,
(Which thence deriv'd her name, as records ſay;)
Then made it ſacred to the god of day.
It chanc'd, a cloud of bees in gathering ſwarms
Swept thro' the ſkies, with murmuring hoarſe alarms;

Pour'd in, and (ſettling on the topmoſt bough,)
Stretch'd down, dependent deep in air below:
In one black length'ning chain together clung,
Feet claſp'd in feet, the cluſtering nations hung.
On this exclaims an augur----I explore
A foreign conſort from a diſtant ſhore;
From yon' fame point a ſtranger hoſt ſhall come;
And here their prince ſhall reign in this imperial dome.
Yet more; while chaſte Lavinia, at the ſhrine,
Burns od'rous incenſe to the pow'rs divine;
As by her father ſtood the royal fair,
The fires flew round, and caught her wav'ing hair:
O'er all her rich embroider'd garments roll'd
The wanton flame, and crept thro' every fold;
Then, crackling, thro' her crown, victorious plays;
The gemms run melting in the golden blaze:
Around the fair the dancing glories ſtray'd,
And lambent fires involv'd the lovely maid;
Then from her beauteous head enlarging, grew
Wide and more wide, and round the palace flew.
From this ſtrange ſign, portentous to behold,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſeer ſurpriſing truths foretold,
That bright with fame ſhould ſhine the glorious fair,
But thro' the nations ſpread the flames of war.
Meantime the king, aſtoniſh'd at the ſign,
Haſtes to conſult his preſcient * ſire divine.
In dark Albunea's ſhades, ſupreme of woods!
Where from her fountains boil ſulphureous floods;
Thick from her ſtreams the clouds of poiſon riſe,
And, charg'd with heavy vapours, load the ſkies.
Here, in diſtreſs, th' italian nations come,
Anxious, to clear their doubts, and learn their doom;

* *Faunus.* Firſt

Firſt on the fleeces of the ſlaughter'd ſheep,
By night the ſacred prieſt diſſolves in ſleep:
When, in a train, before his ſlumbering eye,
Thin, airy forms, and wondrous viſions fly.
He calls the pow'rs, who guard th' infernal floods;
And talks, inſpir'd, familiar with the gods.
To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,
And firſt a hundred ſheep the monarch ſlew;
Then on their fleeces lay; and from the wood
He heard diſtinct the accents of the god:
Seek not a native prince, my ſon, nor wed
Thy royal daughter to a latian bed.
A foreign chief appears, of mighty fame,
Whoſe race to heav'n ſhall raiſe our glorious name;
O'er either ocean ſhall their empire run,
Beyond the radiant journies of the ſun.
In every clime their ſtandards are unfurl'd!
And, proſtrate at their feet, ſhall lie the trembling world!
Theſe anſwers of the god, reveal'd by night,
The king divulg'd, and fame diſplay'd to light;
Spread the glad tidings all the nations o'er;
When now the trojan navy reach'd the ſhore.
The heroe with his ſon and chiefs had laid
Their limbs at eaſe beneath a cooling ſhade;
Then, dictated by Jove, the banquet ſpread
On cakes of flour, along the verdant mead;
The ſlender cakes the buſy Trojans lead
With fruits auſtere, and wildings of the wood.
Theſe ſcanty viands ſoon conſum'd, the crew,
Compell'd by hunger, on their tables flew;
Full eager they devour'd, by want diſtreſt,
The frail ſupporters of the failing feaſt.

When with a laugh, Aſcanius---We devour
The plates and boards on which we fed before.
Th' auſpicious words his ſire in rapture took,
And weigh'd what once the oracle had ſpoke:
Hail happy realm, which fate ſo long has ow'd!
All hail, he cry'd, each guardian trojan god!
My ſire, when fair Elyſium bleſt my eyes,
Did thus diſcloſe the ſecrets of the ſkies:
" When, preſt by raging famine, you devour
" Your boards, impatient, on a foreign ſhore;
" There thy long labours ſhall with peace be crown'd;
" There build thy town, and raiſe the ramparts round."
This was the famine that the Fates foreſhow,
And this the place to terminate our woe.
Then bend we from the port, at dawn of day,
Our eager ſteps, and ſtrike a different way,
To view the land, the cities to explore,
And know what nations hold the fated ſhore.
Now place again the goblets on the board;
Be great Anchiſes honour'd and ador'd,
And pour the wine to heaven's all-mighty lord.
Then, while the verdant boughs his temples grace,
The prince ador'd the genius of the place;
The nymphs, and unknown pow'rs that rule the floods,
And ſacred Earth, great ſource of all the gods;
And awful Night; with her the ſtars that riſe,
To gild her face, and beautify the ſkies;
And Jove, the guardian god of Troy, implores,
And the great mother of th' etherial pow'rs;
His mighty parents laſt, with honours crown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.

The

The heroe's vows th' all-mighty heard from high,
And thrice he thunder'd from an azure ſky;
And ſhook majeſtic, as the thunders roll'd,
A fiery cloud, that blaz'd with beams of gold.
Now thro' the trojan hoſt the news had flown,
The day was come to raiſe their promis'd town;
All, warm'd with tranſport at the happy ſign,
Indulge the feaſt, and quaff the generous wine.
Soon as the morning ſhot a purple ray,
And tipp'd the mountains with the beams of day,
By different ways the buſy train explore
The bounds, the cities, and the winding ſhore.
Here dwell the latian line; there Tyber flows;
And here thy ſacred ſtream, Numicus, roſe.
Now ſent the trojan prince (a peace to gain,)
A hundred youths ſelected from the train,
With preſents for the king. Without delay,
All crown'd with olives took their ſpeedy way.
Meantime the chief deſign'd th' allotted ground
For the new town, and drew the trench around:
High tow'rs and ramparts all the place incloſe;
And, like a camp, the ſudden city roſe.
Now the commiſſion'd youths proceed with haſte,
And ſpy the lofty latian ſpires at laſt.
Before the gate, the blooming active train
Or break the fiery courſer to the rein,
Or whirl the chariot o'er the duſty plain;
Or bend the bow, or toſs the whizzing ſpear,
Or urge the race, or wage the mimic war.
When lo! a meſſenger, diſpatch'd with ſpeed,
Spurs to the latian court his panting ſteed,

And told the monarch, what illuſtrious gueſts
Arriv'd from foreign lands, in foreign veſts.
The monarch ſummon'd all the train, and ſhone,
In ſtate majeſtic on the regal throne.
High o'er the town, ſurrounded by a wood,
Old Picus' venerable palace ſtood,
Auguſt and awful! proudly roſe, around,
A hundred columns, and the ſtructure crown'd.
Here kings receiv'd the types of royal pow'r,
The crown and ſcepter, and the robes they wore.
This was their temple; this their court of ſtate,
Here at their ſacred feaſts the fathers ſate;
And in long orders, as their thrones they fill'd,
On offer'd rams their annual banquets held.
Before the gates a venerable band,
In cedar carv'd, the latian monarchs ſtand.
Sabinus there, who preſt the foaming wine,
Extends the hook that prun'd the gen'rous vine;
The front old Italus and Saturn grace,
And hoary Janus with his double face;
And many an antient monarch, proud to bear
In their dear country's cauſe the wounds of war.
Hung on the pillars, all around appears
A row of trophies, helmets, ſhields and ſpears,
And ſolid bars, and axes keenly bright,
And naval beaks, and chariots ſeiz'd in fight.
With his divining wand in ſolemn ſtate,
With robes ſuccinct the royal Picus ſate.
Fierce in his car of old he ſwept the field;
And ſtill the heroe graſps the ſhining ſhield.
Him beauteous Circé lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Th' enchantreſs dame rejected with diſdain,

Transform'd

Transform'd the hapleſs monarch, in deſpair,
Chang'd to a painted bird, and ſent to flit in air.
Thus ſate the ſov'reign in the pompous fane,
And gave admiſſion to the dardan train,
Then to th' illuſtrious ſtrangers, from the throne,
The prince with mild benevolence begun.
Say, noble Trojans, for we knew your name
And antient race, before your navy came;
What cauſe your fleet to Latium could convey,
What call, thro' ſuch a length of watry way?
Or were your gallies wide in ocean loſt?
Or driv'n by tempeſts on th' heſperian coaſt?
Such dangers oft befall the train, who ride
O'er the wild deeps, and ſtem the furious tide.
Vouchſafe to be our gueſts, and Latium grace;
For know, our generous hoſpitable race,
By Saturn form'd, from him their manners draw,
Juſt without ties, and good without a law.
From old auruntian ſages once our ears
Have heard a tale, tho' ſunk in length of years;
Theſe realms the birth of Dardanus could boaſt,
Who ſail'd from hence, and reach'd your phrygian coaſt.
He left the tuſcan realms, and now on high
Dwells in the ſtarry manſions of the ſky:
Call'd from this nether world to heav'n's abodes,
He reigns above, a god among the gods!
O prince divine! great Faunus' glorious ſon;
(Thus, to the king, Ilioneus begun;)
Nor ſtars miſled our fleet, nor tempeſts toſt,
Nor wide we wander'd to the latian coaſt,
But our determin'd courſe, ſpontaneous bore,
With one fixt purpoſe, to this friendly ſhore;

Driv'n

Driv'n from the nobleſt empire o'er the ſeas,
That the bright ſun in all his race ſurveys.
We and our prince derive our birth divine
From Jove, the ſource of our etherial line;
And at the godlike chief's command we come,
His ſuppliant envoys to this regal dome.
Thoſe, who beyond the bounds of ocean hurl'd,
Poſſeſs that wild unhoſpitable world;
And thoſe who glow beneath the burning zone,
Beneath the fiery chariot of the ſun,
Have heard, and heard with terror from afar,
What a dire deluge, what a ſtorm of war,
With ruin charg'd, and furious to deſtroy,
From Greece burſt thund'ring o'er the realms of Troy;
When Europe ſhook proud Aſia with alarms,
And Fate ſet two contending worlds in arms.
Snatch'd from that ſtorm, to roll around the floods,
We beg ſome place, to fix our wand'ring gods;
Some vacant region, you with eaſe can ſpare;
The common uſe of water, earth and air.
Nor ſhall this new alliance bring diſgrace,
But add new glories to th' Italian race:
Nor Latium ſhall repent the kind ſupply,
Nor ſhall the dear remembrance ever die.
Now by our potent glorious prince I ſwear,
As true in peace, as dreadful in the war:
Tho' now as ſuppliants at thy throne we ſtand,
With humble pray'rs, and olives in our hand,
Yet many nations, prince, invite our train,
And our alliance court, but court in vain.
For know, the gods, the mighty gods command
The ſons of Troy to ſeek the latian land.

To Tyber's flood great Phœbus urg'd our way,
Where ſpring Numicus' ſacred ſtreams to day;
Here Dardanus was born of heav'nly ſtrain;
Hence firſt he came, and now returns again.
Yet more---theſe preſents from the trojan king,
Theſe reliques of his former ſtate we bring,
Snatch'd from devouring flames---His ſire, of old,
Pour'd due libations from this bowl of gold:
In theſe rich robes the royal Priam ſhone,
And gave the law, majeſtic, from the throne:
This crown, this ſcepter, did the monarch wear;
Theſe veſts were labour'd by the trojan fair.
He ceas'd----the ſov'reign paus'd in thought profound,
And fix'd his eyes unmov'd upon the ground.
His daughter's fortunes all his mind employ,
And future empire, not the gifts from Troy.
Deep in his mind the prophecy he roll'd,
And deem'd this chief, the ſon the gods foretold,
The mighty heroe long fore-doom'd by fate
To ſhare the glories of the regal ſtate;----
From whom a race, victorious by their ſwords,
Should riſe in time, the world's majeſtic lords:
Then joyful ſpoke: May heav'n our counſels bleſs,
And its own omens, with the wiſh'd ſucceſs!
Well pleas'd, my friends, your preſents I receive,
And free admiſſion in my kingdoms give;
Nor ſhall you want, while I the throne enjoy,
A land as fruitful as the fields of Troy.
But let your godlike prince, if he requeſt
Our royal friendſhip, be our honour'd gueſt;
The peace he aſks in perſon he may bring,
Go then---report this meſſage to your king.----

A beau-

A beauteous daughter in her bloom is mine,
Forbid to wed in our ausonian line:
This all our native oracles deny,
And every dreadful omen of the sky.
From foreign shores, a foreign son appears,
Whose race shall lift our glory to the stars.
Your prince, the destin'd chief the Fates require,
Our thoughts divine, and we, my friends, desire.

He said, and order'd steeds, to mount the band;
In lofty stalls three hundred coursers stand,
Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er;
The sprightly steeds embroider'd trappings wore,
With golden chains, refulgent to behold;
Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold.
But to their prince he sent a glorious car,
With two distinguish'd coursers for the war;
Fierce as they flew, their nostrils breath'd a fire;
These Circé stole from her celestial sire,
By mortal mares on earth, who, all unknown,
Mixt with the flaming coursers of the sun.
Pleas'd with the monarch's gift, their steeds they press,
And to their anxious lord return with peace.

But Jove's imperial queen, from Argos far,
Rides on the whirlwinds thro' the fields of air.
From proud Pachynus' point, her eyes explore
The trojan prince, and all his fleet on shore.
The bulwarks rise, the troops possess the strand,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the land:
She stood in anguish fixt, and shook her head,
Then, fir'd with rage, the wrathful goddess said:

Curst race!---a race I labour to destroy!---
But Juno sinks beneath the fates of Troy!

Did

Did not the captives break the victor's chain?
Did not her ſlaughter'd ſons revive again?
Did they not force, when Troy in aſhes lay,
Thro' fires and armies their victorious way?
What!---heav'n's great empreſs flags, by toils oppreſt!
Or ſure, her glutted vengeance lies at reſt!
And yet I dar'd purſue the baniſh'd train
Thro' the laſt bounds of Neptune's watry reign,
With rocks, with gulphs, with thunders from on high,
With all the ſtorms of Ocean and the ſky.
In vain dire Scylla thunder'd o'er the ſea;
Nor could the vaſt Charybdis bar the way.
In vain with ſtorms I rouz'd the roaring main;
Earth, ſkies, and oceans wag'd my war in vain.
For lo! in Tyber's flood their navies ride,
Mock my revenge, and triumph o'er the tide.
And yet the god of battles could efface,
For one neglect, the lapithæan race;
For one neglect, did Jove himſelf reſign
To Dian's wrath the calydonian line.
But I, the queen ſupreme of gods above,
The mighty conſort of imperial Jove,
In vain for years one nation have purſu'd;
Nay, by one ſingle mortal am ſubdu'd!
Yet, tho' my pow'rs are baffled, will I try
Whatever pow'rs in nature's circle lie.
What! tho' the partial heav'ns my aims repell,
I'll raiſe new forces from the depths of hell!
What!--- if the Trojan muſt in Latium reign!
What!---if the Fates a regal bride ordain!
Yet, may I ſtill the nuptial rite delay,
And by a length of wars defer the day.

Yet,

Yet, ſhall the people bleed; the kings ſhall reign,
The lonely monarchs of an empty plain;
Yet ſhall the father and the ſon make good
Their league of friendſhip, in their ſubjects blood;
In the mixt blood of nations ſhall be paid,
At large, thy dreadful dow'r, imperial maid!
Wed then---with every fatal omen wed:---
Bellona waits thee to the bridal bed.
The queen of love, like Priam's royal dame,
For Ilion has conceiv'd a ſecond flame.
A Paris, ſprung from Venus, ſhall deſtroy
Once more with fatal fires the tow'rs of Troy.
This ſaid, to earth th' impetuous goddeſs flies,
Inflam'd with rage and vengeance, from the ſkies,
Looks down, and, bending o'er the baleful cell,
Calls dire Alecto from the realms of hell.
Crimes, frauds and murders are the fiend's delight,
The rage of death, and ſlaughters of the fight.
So fierce her looks! ſuch terrors from her eyes!
Round her grim front ſuch monſtrous ſerpents riſe!
She ſcares ev'n Pluto, her immortal ſire;
Her ſiſter furies tremble and retire.
Then heav'n's great queen, againſt the trojan train,
Inflam'd her native rage, and thus began:
  Daughter of Night! thy potent aid I claim
To guard my honour, and ſupport my fame.
Oh! let not Troy her pow'rs to Latium bring,
Nor with this match amuſe her eaſy king.
'Tis thine, the peace of brethren to confound,
To arm their hands, and ſpread deſtruction round;
Thro' kindling houſes, towns, and realms, to bear
The torch of diſcord; and the flames of war.

To

To thee a thouſand noxious arts are known,
And every form of miſchief is thy own.
Rouze, rouze the fury in thy ſoul, excite
The chiefs, and kindle all the rage of fight!
Diſſolve the peace; and, fir'd by dire alarms,
Bid the mad nations ruſh to blood and arms!
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when ſudden from her eyes,
Smear'd with gorgonean blood, the fury flies
Sublime; and tow'ring o'er the palace ſoars:
Then ſtands unſeen before Amata's doors;
While grief and wrath the raging queen employ,
For Turnus, injur'd by the match with Troy.
Here ſtopt the fiend; and, (diſcord all her view)
Snatch'd from her hiſſing locks, a ſnake ſhe threw;
And thro' her inmoſt ſoul the fiery ſerpent flew.
Unfelt, the monſter glides thro' every veſt,
And breathes the ſecret poiſon in her breaſt.
Now, like a fillet, round her temples roll'd,
Now round her boſom, like a chain of gold;
Now to her treſſes he repairs, and there
Thrids every ringlet of her golden hair.
Thus while her kindling ſoul the peſt inſpires
With the firſt ſparkles of her fatal fires,
Before the boſom of the royal dame
Felt the full furies of th' infernal flame,
She ſpeaks her grief in accents ſoft and mild,
Implores the fire, and ſorrows o'er the child:
And muſt Lavinia then, our only joy,
Wed with this wand'ring fugitive of Troy?
And can a father iſſue the decree,
So fatal to himſelf, to her and me?
For ſure the pirate ſoon will bear away
With the firſt riſing wind the lovely prey.

Such,

Such, ſuch a gueſt of old, the phrygian boy
Bore raviſh'd Helen to the tow'rs of Troy.
Where, where is friendſhip, truth and honour now?
A father's promiſe, and a monarch's vow!
If thy great ſire's commands have fixt thy mind,
To chuſe ſome heroe of a foreign kind:
Then every kind, my lord, and every land
Are foreign, that are free from our command;
And if we trace brave Turnus' blood, he ſprings
From a long line of antient argive kings.
Thus urg'd the mother in a mournful ſtrain,
Her loud complaints, yet urg'd them all in vain.
But now the ſpreading poiſon, fir'd her whole,
Ev'n to the laſt receſſes of her ſoul.
In her wild thoughts a thouſand horrors riſe;
And fierce, and madding, round the ſtreets ſhe flies.
So the gay ſtriplings laſh, in eager ſport,
A top, in giddy circles, round a court.
In rapid rings it whirls, and ſpins aloud,
Admir'd with rapture by the blooming crowd;
From every ſtroke, flies humming o'er the ground,
And gains new ſpirit, as the blows go round.
Thus flew the giddy queen, with fury ſtung,
Thro' the wide town, amid the wond'ring throng.
Yet more;----the deſtin'd nuptials to delay,
Fierce to the darkſom wood ſhe bounds away;
And, riſing ſtill in rage, with rites divine
She feign'd new orgies to the god of wine.
Thou, Bacchus, only thou deſerv'ſt the fair!
For thee in ringlets grows her lovely hair!
For thee ſhe leads the dance, and wreaths her ivy ſpear.
Now ſpread around the wild infectious flames;
With the ſame fury glow the latian dames;

Let looſe their flying treſſes in the wind,
Ruſh to the woods, and leave the town behind;
Toſs high their ivy ſpears; while clamours riſe,
And trembling ſhrieks, tumultuous rend the ſkies.
The madding queen, with rage ſuperior ſtung,
Rear'd high a flaming pine amid the throng,
And for young Turnus rais'd the nuptial ſong.
Then rolls her fiery eyes, and loud exclaims:
Hear, all ye matrons! hear, ye latian dames!
If yet a mother's woes your ſouls can move,
If yet your injur'd princeſs ſhares your love;
Like me, unbind your treſſes; rove abroad;
And hold theſe ſacred orgies to the god.
Thus the fierce fiend Amata's breaſt invades,
And drives her raving to the ſylvan ſhades.
When all the monarch's palace ſhe ſurvey'd,
With all his counſels in confuſion laid:
As wide around the riſing fury grew,
On duſky wings to Ardea ſwift ſhe flew,
Ardea, by Danaë built in days of yore,
When with her argive train ſhe ſought the ſhore;
But now her periſh'd ruins are no more!
Where o'er the reſt brave Turnus' manſion roſe,
She found the heroe ſunk in ſoft repoſe;
And firſt, her dread infernal form to hide,
Laid the grim terrors of her front aſide:
With ſilver hairs her temples were o'erſpread,
And wreaths and verdant olives crown'd her head.
Her wither'd face with wrinkles was emboſt,
And in the woman all the fiend was loſt.
She now appear'd a venerable dame,
And to the couch like Juno's prieſteſs came:

Then

Then are thy labours vain, (ſhe thus begun)
And ſhall a Trojan ſeize thy rightful throne?
The king denies the crown he long has ow'd,
Denies the fair thy labours bought with blood.
Go---ſave his kingdom; fight the tuſcan train!
Go, prince, and conquer, to be ſcorn'd again!---
Hear then by me the mandate from on high,
Sent by the mighty empreſs of the ſky:
Fly, fly; the valiant youth for arms prepare:
And thro' the opening gates let looſe the war.
Lo! where in Tyber ride the fleets of Troy;
Go then, their chiefs and painted ſhips deſtroy;
So heav'n commands----and, if the latian lord
Detain the fair, regardleſs of his word,
Let him in blood thy vengeful ſword deplore,
The ſword that conquer'd in his cauſe before.

Thus the diſſembled dame-- With ſcornful pride,
In haughty terms the martial youth reply'd:
The tidings you convey, I knew before:
The trojan fleet is landed on the ſhore.
Hence----nor with idle tales my boſom move;
I live ſecure in Juno's guardian love.
But, worn with years, you dote with vain alarms,
And, when you nod, you dream of kings in arms.
Go, mother, go---and make your gods your care,
But leave to men the province of the war.

While yet he ſpoke, her looks the youth confound,
And the black fiend in all her terrors frown'd.
Aghaſt, he ſhook, and trembled with affright,
While all her native horrors blaſt his ſight.
Such a tremendous front the fury ſpread,
So dreadful hiſs'd the ſerpents round her head;

So

So grim a figure now ſhe ſeem'd to riſe;
That hell, all hell was open'd in her eyes!
Then, e're the fault'ring trembling youth reply'd,
She roll'd their fiery orbs from ſide to ſide;
Snatch'd two black ſerpents from her locks, and ſhook
The ſounding ſcourge, and thund'ring thus ſhe ſpoke:
Behold, behold the wretch, by vain alarms
And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms!
A fury from the deeps of hell, I bear,
In theſe dread hands, Deſtruction, Death and War!
With that a flaming torch the goddeſs threw;
Deep thro' his breaſt the fiery weapon flew.
Strait rouz'd the ſtartled warrior; and a ſtream
Of ſweat ran copious down from every limb.
Thro' the wide dome he raves with mad alarms,
He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms;
Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear,
The thirſt of ſlaughter, and the rage of war.
So when in parting ſpires the flame divides,
And crackling climbs around the cauldron's ſides,
In the deep womb glow fierce the hiſſing ſtreams,
Boil, ſwell and foam, and bubble o'er the brims;
Till high in air the fuming liquids riſe,
And in a length of vapours mount the ſkies.
He ſends to great Latinus, to declare
The peace polluted, and denounce the war:
To arms he cries,---this moment will we go
To guard our country, and repell the foe.
Himſelf, he boaſts, will all the war maintain,
And fight the trojan and auſonian train.
His troops take fire, and (heav'n invok'd in pray'r,)
With eager rage they gather to the war;

Some

Some by his beauty mov'd, his cauſe embrace,
Some by his valiant deeds, and regal race.
While thus his ſocial train the prince inſpires,
Swift to the trojan hoſt the fiend retires.
Big with new miſchiefs to the place ſhe came,
Where young Iülus hunts the ſavage game.
A ſtag he chas'd; the chace the fury ſees,
And bids the ſcent grow warm in every breeze;
His opening hounds, exulting, ſhoot away,
And bear impatient on the panting prey:
From this light cauſe ſhe rais'd the firſt alarms,
And fir'd the brutal ſwains to blood and arms.---
Snatch'd from the dam, by Tyrrheus' children rear'd,
(Tyrrheus, chief maſter of the royal herd,)
With care domeſtic had this ſtag been bred;
Of beauteous ſhape; and antlers grac'd his head.
The beaſt became their ſiſter's darling care;
His horns were dreſs'd with garlands by the fair.
Fed from the board, accuſtom'd to command,
The fawn familiar lick'd her ſtroking hand.
Full oft ſhe bath'd him in the limpid tide,
And fondly curious comb'd his ſilken hide:
All day amid the foreſts would he roam,
But came each evening to his wonted home.
Aſcanius' hounds had rouz'd the trembling prey,
As down the gentle flood he took his way,
And on the cooling bank in length luxuriant lay.
The youthful heroe fir'd with love of fame,
Directs a feather'd arrow at the game;
The feather'd arrow flew; the fury guides
The pointed weapon thro' the wanton's ſides.

Pierc'd

Pierc'd with the dart, the bleeding fawn in vain
Flies back for refuge to his home again;
Complains with human tears, and human sighs,
And begs for aid with unavailing cries.
The beauteous Sylvia heard his moving strains,
Beat her white bosom, and alarm'd the swains.
Inspir'd with sudden rage they wing their way,
For in the wood the lurking fury lay.
Some arm'd with knotted clubs, impetuous, came,
And some with staves well-season'd in the flame.
With stones or brands the peasants throng from far,
And every sudden weapon, to the war.
Tyrrheus, who clove a tree with many a stroke,
Left the huge wedge within the gaping oak.
Then seiz'd the pond'rous ax with loud alarms,
And call'd the rustics all around to arms.
Meantime the fury from her stand descries
The growing discord every moment rise;
Ascends the roof, and, from the lofty height,
Calls in the boist'rous peasants to the fight.
With her full force her mighty horn she winds;
Th' infernal strain alarms the gath'ring hinds.
The dreadful summons the deep forest took;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound;
The veline fountains trembled at the sound.
The thick sulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blast, that blew the flames of war.
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers prest
With shrieks their starting infants to the breast.
Thus the mad rustics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid signal flew to arms.

Nor leſs, in ſuccour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy:
Clubs, ſtaves, and brands at firſt the fight maintain;
But now embody'd armies ſpread the plain,
And deadly ſwords and ſhining bucklers wield;
And groves of ſpears gleam dreadful o'er the field.
On brazen arms the ſun refulgent plays,
And to the ſkies the fiery helmets blaze.
So when the wind has ſtir'd the gentle ſeas,
The waves juſt ſwell, and whiten by degrees;
Till all the heaving watry worlds ariſe,
In one vaſt burſt of thunder to the ſkies.

Firſt Almon, Tyrrheus' eldeſt hope, was ſlain,
Fierce as he fought, the foremoſt on the plain;
Beneath his throat the arrow found the way;
And choak'd in blood the beauteous warrior lay.
Now heaps on heaps fall thick on every ſide,
And in the cloud of fight Galeſus dy'd;
Good old Galeſus! while, with earneſt care,
He labour'd to prevent the riſing war:
The ſage for juſtice bore the foremoſt place,
Tho' far the wealthieſt of the latian race:
Five flocks, five bellowing droves, his paſtures held,
And with a hundred teams he turn'd the ſpacious field.

Thus while, on either ſide, the martial train
With mutual ſlaughter bath'd the purple plain:
When the ſtern fury, from her promiſe freed,
Beheld with joy the growing battle bleed;
She leaves th' heſperian ſhores, ſhe mounts the ſkies,
And in proud triumph thus to Juno cries:

Behold my promiſe, mighty queen! made good;
The trojan ſword has drawn the latian blood:

War

War, boundleſs war, runs raging round the plain;
Nor can yourſelf command the peace again;
Speak but your will, I'll ſpread the dire alarm,
And bid the bord'ring towns and countries arm,
Both ſides to aid, the nations ſhall repair;
Wide round, the riſing diſcord will I bear,
And rouze in every breaſt the furies of the war.

Enough, replies the queen, enough is done,
The war ſtands fixt; the ſlaughters are begun.
They fly to arms; their arms with blood diſtain:
Death, rage, and terror range the purple plain.
Such are the nuptial rites, that we prepare
For Latium's king, and Venus' worthy heir!
But go---this moment leave the realms above;
Go----nor offend the ſacred eyes of Jove.
To thy unhallow'd feet the fire denies
Th' etherial walks, and freedom of the ſkies.
Retire to hell; if aught remains undone,
Ourſelf ſhall finiſh what thy toils begun.

Swift as the goddeſs ſpoke, the fury ſprings
With rapid ſpeed, and ſpreads her duſky wings;
Her ſerpents hiſſing all around, ſhe flies
To hell's dark realms, impetuous from the ſkies.

Amid fair Italy, renown'd by fame,
Lies a deep vale, Amſanctus is the name.
Her gloomy ſides are ſhaded with a grove;
And a huge range of mountains tow'rs above;
Fierce thro' the duſky vale the torrents pour,
And o'er the rattling ſtones the whirlpools roar.
There the black jaws of hell are open'd wide;
There rolls dire Acheron his fiery tide;

There lies the dark infernal cave, and there
Grim Pluto breathes the ſoft etherial air.
D wn thro' this dreadful opening, from on high,
The fiend plung'd headlong, and reliev'd the ſky.
Meantime the queen of heav'n exerts her care,
With her laſt hand to crown the growing war.
In one vaſt tide the loud tumultuous ſwains
Pour to the city, and deſert the plains.
Young Almon's corſe they bear in open fight,
And old Galeſus ſlaughter'd in the fight;
Implore the gods with vows, and beg in vain
The hoary monarch to revenge the ſlain.
While the fierce daunian lord's complaints conſpire,
To ſpread the gath'ring fears of ſword and fire.
Turnus, he cries, is baniſh'd with diſgrace,
And wrong'd in favour of a foreign race.
The king prefers a Trojan for his ſon;
A trojan prince already fills the throne!
Thoſe too, whoſe mothers by the queen were led,
When, fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods ſhe fled,
(Such was her intereſt in the realm) declare
For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.
War is the fatal univerſal cry,
Againſt all omens of the angry ſky!
Furious they croud their ſov'reign's regal door,
And, madding, round the rich pavilions roar;
Beſiege their king, as waves a rock, in vain,
Some mighty rock, amidſt the rolling main;
That hears unmov'd the ſounding tempeſts blow,
That ſees the furious ſurges foam below;
And o'er the deeps, majeſtic to the ſight,
Stands fixt, and glories in its matchleſs height,

Proud

Proud of its bulk; while ſtorms and working tides
Fly, daſh, and break, againſt the tow'ring ſides!
When long the prince had labour'd to reſtrain
The riſing madneſs of their ſouls in vain,
And ſaw the croud no counſel would obey,
But ruſh'd to arms as Juno led the way;
The mournful ſire obteſts the gods and ſkies;
And lo! we yield to fate, the monarch cries.
The ſtorm impetuous bears us down the flood—
But heav'n, heav'n claims your ſacrilegious blood!
Thou too, raſh Turnus, ſhalt thy part ſuſtain,
And late, too late, implore the gods in vain!
Safe to the port am I already come,
And all your king can loſe, is nothing but a tomb!
Then penſive he retir'd, and left to fate
The reins of empire, and the cares of ſtate.
A ſolemn cuſtom in Heſperia reign'd,
Which long the potent alban lords maintain'd,
And Rome ſtill holds; when, terrible in might,
The world's great empreſs ſends her ſons to fight.
Whether the chain for Dacia they prepare,
Or wage th' hyrcanian, or arabian war,
Or their victorious arms on India turn,
And ſpread her eagles to the riſing morn;
Or urge proud Parthia's long-expected doom,
And bring in pomp our raviſh'd enſigns home.—
Two maſſy ſolid gates have ever ſtood,
For ages ſacred to the * thracian god.
Old, double Janus guards the dreadful doors;
Grim war within, his mighty captive, roars.

* *Mars.*

On many a pond'rous hinge the gates are hung;
With brazen bars impenetrably ſtrong.
Soon as the fathers of the ſtate proclaim,
The fight muſt vindicate the roman fame;
Strait, at their high decree, the conſul, dreſt
In the rich ſacred robe and gabine veſt,
While the loud trumpets ſound a martial ſtrain,
(In pomp attended by the valiant train,)
Throws wide the gates; and thro' the nations far
Lets looſe the boundleſs furies of the war.
So now the madding latian crowds implore
Their monarch, to unfold the ſacred door.
But from the fatal office he withdrew,
Abhorr'd the province, and retir'd from view.
Then heav'n's dread empreſs, while the prince delay'd,
Shot down, and both the burſting gates diſplay'd:
The bolts fly back, with every brazen bar;
And like a ſtorm, broke forth th' impriſon'd war.
Till now unmov'd by diſcord and alarms,
Auſonia burns, and calls her ſons to arms.
Some to the furious fight on foot proceed;
Some vault impetuous on the bounding ſteed.
Some whet the blunted poll-ax for the field,
Brighten the ſpear and long-neglected ſhield;
With tranſport hear the trumpet's clangors riſe,
And view the banners ſtreaming in the ſkies.
Ardea, proud Tibur, Cruſtumerium's pow'rs,
Atina ſtrong, and high Antemnæ's tow'rs,
Five potent cities, all their ſons employ,
To forge new arms againſt the troops of Troy.
For greaves the ductile ſilver they extend,
And for the ſhield the pliant ſallow bend;

The

The guiltleſs arms the rural trade affords,
Scythes, plow-ſhares, hooks, are ſtreightned into ſwords;
And in the glowing forges they reſtore
The blunted faulchions which their fathers wore.
And now the ſprightly trumpets ſound from far;
The word flies round; the ſignal of the war.
Some ſnatch the poliſh'd helm with eager ſpeed;
Some to the yoke compell the ſnorting ſteed;
Brace on the golden cuiraſs, ſeize the ſhield;
And, with the glitt'ring ſword, ruſh furious to the field.

Ye muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring;
Inſpire your bard, and teach him how to ſing
What mighty heroes led the martial train,
And what embattled armies ſpread the plain:
The latian chiefs, ye goddeſſes! declare,
And the dire progreſs of the waſteful war;
You know, and can record the pow'rs who came,
Which we learn only from the voice of fame.

Mezentius firſt, who ſcorn'd th' immortal pow'rs,
Conducts his armies from the tuſcan ſhores.
Him follow'd Lauſus, fluſh'd with youthful fire,
A ſon, whoſe ſhining virtues might require
A happier throne, and a far better ſire!
He tam'd the ſteed, and urg'd the generous chace,
And none but Turnus match'd his blooming face.
He led from fair Agylla to the plain
A thouſand warriors, but he led in vain!

Great Aventinus, great Alcides' ſon,
Wore the proud trophy that his father won:
A hundred ſerpents round his buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiſs'd from all her heads in gold.

Freſh wreaths of palm his lofty chariot crown'd,
And fierce he laſh'd his fiery courſers round,
When great Alcides from Geryon ſlain
Return'd triumphant to the latian plain;
And the brave victor, ſafe in theſe abodes,
Cool'd his heſperian herds in Tyber's floods;
He won in ſhades the beauteous Rhœa's grace,
And this bold heroe crown'd his ſtrong embrace,
Born in mount Aventine's ſequeſter'd wood;
The mortal mother mingling with the god.

His valiant troops long ſabine javelins bear,
And arm'd with ſteely piles, provoke the war.
He ſtalk'd before his hoſt; and, wide diſpread,
A lion's teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
Then ſought the palace in the ſtrange attire,
And look'd as ſtern and dreadful as his ſire.

From Tibur, Coras and Catillus came,
Tibur, the town that took their brother's name.
Brave youths! who led the martial argive train,
And ruſh'd the foremoſt to th' embattled plain.
So two fierce Centaurs, of the cloud-born race,
Ruſh furious down the frozen hills of Thrace;
The groves give way, the crackling woods reſound,
And trampled foreſts ſpread their ruins wide around.

Next mighty Cæculus to battle flies,
Who bade the tow'rs of proud Prænesté riſe:
Found on the hearth, amid the glowing fire,
The nations deem'd great Mulciber his ſire.
A hoſt of warriors to the field he led,
The hardy ſwains that fair Prænesté bred,
Or Gabii ſent where Juno's temple roſe;
The troops who dwell where ſhining Anio flows.

With

With thoſe who drink old Amaſenus' ſtream,
Or from the walls of rich Anagnia came.
Not all with arms are furniſh'd for the war,
Nor graſp the ſhield, nor whirl the rapid car.
But moſt from ſlings a ſtorm of bullets throw,
And leaden deaths deſtroy the diſtant foe.
Some in their hands two pointed javelins bore,
And ſpoils of wolves for glitt'ring helmets wore;
The left foot bare, they boldly ruſh to fight,
But a tough hide, unſeaſon'd, ſheaths the right.
Next Neptune's ſon, the brave Meſſapus came,
Exempt from ſteel, and ſacred from the flame.
To long-neglected wars he fir'd his train,
And urg'd his troops to ſhine in arms again.
From the ſlavinian and feſcennian coaſt,
At his command, advance th' embody'd hoſt:
Thoſe who on high Soracte's tow'rs reſide,
Or dwell by Cimintus' expanded tide,
Or o'er the rough aſpiring mountain rove,
Or haunt divine Feronia's ſhady grove:
All march, embattled in array, and ſing
The martial glories of their godlike king.
So from the fiſhy floods, a ſnowy train
Of ſwans embody'd wing th' aërial plain;
Stretch their long necks o'er Aſius' cryſtal ſpring;
The hollow ſhores and echoing waters ſing.
Not one, who heard the loud confus'd alarms,
Had thought this noiſy train a hoſt in arms,
But ſome huge cloud of clamorous fowls, who ſoar,
Among the cliffs, and ſcream around the ſhore.
Lo! next brave Clauſus leads his troops along;
From the old ſabine race the warrior ſprung.

With a vaſt hoſt, a hoſt himſelf, he came,
The firſt great father of the claudian name;
That ſpread thro' Latium, when, the line to grace,
Rome ſhar'd her empire with the ſabine race.
The antient Cures march at his commands,
And a large force from amiternian lands,
With thoſe who dwell where full Velinus runs,
Or where Nomentum boaſts her martial ſons,
Or old Eretum ſtretch'd her utmoſt bound,
And rich Mutuſca ſmiles, with olives crown'd;
Or where ſteep Tetrica's rough rocks ariſe,
Or proud Severus tow'rs amid the ſkies.
Where, with fair Foruli, Caſperia ſtands,
And clear Himella floats the fruitful lands,
Where gentle Fabaris ſerenely glides,
Whoſe ſtreams augment imperial Tyber's tides:
Where, near cold Nurſia, beauteous Horta ſtood,
And mournful Allia rowls her fatal flood.
Thick ſhines with moving troops the blazing plain;
Thick, as the billows on the ſtormy main;
Thick as the ripen'd harveſts are beheld,
That nod, and wave along the golden field.
The bucklers ring, the claſhing arms reſound;
Beneath their footſteps groans the trembling ground.
Then Agamemnon's ſon, Haleſus came,
By birth a foe to all the trojan name:
He yok'd his fiery courſers to the car,
And with a thouſand ſoldiers ruſh'd to war;
From where on mountains live th' auruntian line,
Where maſſic hills produce the generous wine:
Warriors, who dwell along the roaring ſea,
Or from the walls of Cales took their way:

With

With thoſe who drink Volturnus' ſhoaly flood,
The rough Saticulan and Oſcan ſtood.
Short, pointed javelins, faſten'd by a ſtring,
With fatal force the dext'rous artiſts fling;
Light ſhields of ſeaſon'd hide aloft they bear,
And arm'd with bending ſwords, provoke the war.
Nor thou, unſung, brave Oebalus! ſhalt paſs,
The nymph Sebethis' ſon, of Telo's race.
While pleaſing Capreæ own'd his father's ſway,
And the teleboan realms his nod obey;
The ſon, far more ambitious, ſtretch'd his reign
O'er thoſe rich towns, where Sarno bathes the plain.
Now to the fight he leads his warlike pow'rs
From antient Batulum, and Rufa's tow'rs,
From where, her blooming fruits Abella crown,
And old Celenna ſpreads her ſpacious down.
Theſe, like the rough teutonic warriors, threw
Huge ſpears with barbs, that wing'd with ſlaughter flew.
Light caſques of cork around their heads they wore,
And brazen ſwords and brazen bucklers bore.
Thee too, bold Ufens, to the dire alarms,
Cold Nurſia ſent, a chief renown'd in arms.
Her fierce rough ſons thro' foreſts bound away,
And o'er wild mountains chaſe the panting prey.
In arms the natives turn the frozen ſoil,
Make war a ſport, and fly upon the ſpoil.
Umbro, the brave marrubian prieſt, was there,
Sent by the marſian monarch to the war.
The ſmiling olive with her verdant boughs
Shades his bright helmet, and adorns his brows.
His charms, in peace the furious ſerpent keep,
And lull th' envenom'd viper's race to ſleep;

His healing hand allay'd the raging pain;
And at his touch the poisons fled again.
But yet he fail'd to cure, with all his art,
The wound inflicted by the trojan dart!
Nor all his charms, nor potent herbs, that grow
On marsian mountains, could prevent the blow!
For thee, wide-echoing sigh'd th' angitian woods;
For thee, in murmurs wept thy native floods!

Next, brave Hippolytus! thy beauteous heir,
The lovely Virbius mingled in the war.
In the dark woods by fair Egeria bred,
His troops the youth from old Aricia led:
Where, on the shore, Diana's altar stood,
(But now unstain'd with offer'd human blood;)
For when Hippolytus, as records tell,
By his fierce stepdame's arts and vengeance fell;
Chas'd by his father's curses to the shore,
The hapless youth the startled coursers tore;
By Æsculapius' skill and Dian's care
The chief reviv'd, and breath'd ethetial air.
But Jove incens'd, a mortal to survey,
From the tartarean shades restor'd to day,
Great Phœbus' son, the godlike artist hurl'd,
Transfix'd with thunder, to the nether world:
But Dian hid the youth in groves, and there
Consign'd her darling to Egeria's care.
There, in the forests, with the sacred dame
He past his days, and Virbius was his name.
For this, th'unhallow'd steed must still remove
From Dian's fane and consecrated grove:
Since the mad horses startled as they flew,
And on the ground their mangled master threw.

Yet his brave offspring drove the thund'ring car,
And lash'd his fiery coursers to the war.
Bold Turnus in the front, supremely tall,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, outshines them all:
High on his helm a triple plume was rais'd,
And on his creſt the dire Chimæra blaz'd,
From her wide jaws the horrid fiend expires
A dreadful length of fires succeeding fires:
When the loud voice of slaughter rends the skies,
And the full horrors of the battle rise,
She glows, she lightens, as the warrior tosses
She flames with rage, and the whole monster burns.
Chang'd to an heifer in the flowery field,
The beauteous Io charg'd the shining shield:
Here stood her * guard; and there her † father roll'd
His swelling surges thro' the figur'd gold.
A cloud of foot succeeds; a mighty train,
With spears and shields, and armies hide the plain.
The pow'rs from argive and auruntian lands
Mix'd with the antient bold ficanian bands.
With painted shields the brave Labici came,
And sacran forces, to the field of fame:
With those who till Numicus' fair abodes,
Or dwell where Tyber views his rising woods:
Or where the rough Rutulians turn the ground,
And the steep hills of Circé stretch around:
Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove:
Where stands the pomptine lake; and, o'er the plain,
Cold Ufens' stream steals gently to the main.

Last

* *Argus.* † *Inachus, a river-god.*

Laſt with her martial troops, all ſheath'd in braſs,
Camilla came, a queen of volſcian race.
Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care,
But arms and courſers, and the toils of war.
She led the rapid race, and left behind,
The flagging floods and pinions of the wind:
So light ſhe flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender graſs, nor bends the golden grain;
Or o'er the ſwelling ſurge ſuſpended ſweeps,
And ſmoothly ſkims, unbath'd, along the deeps.
From the diſpeopled towns and fields repair
Men, matrons, maids and youths to view the fair:
The crouds all gaze with tranſport, to ſurvey,
Looſe in the winds, her purple garments play,
Her poliſh'd bow, her quiver's gaudy pride
With arrows ſtor'd, and glittering at her ſide:
Her ſhining javelin, wondering they behold,
And her fair treſſes bound with claſps of gold.

The END of the SEVENTH BOOK.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes: Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

NOW Turnus rous'd all Latium with alarms
To mount the fiery steeds, and fly to arms;
Fix'd on Laurentum's towrs, sublime in air,
His standard wav'd, the signal of the war:
And the loud trumpets, heard from far, excite
The generous youth, and call them to the fight.
Confederate pow'rs conspire, the war to wage;
And the mad nations breathe revenge and rage.
Their armies Ufens and Messapus guide,
With proud Mezentius, who the gods defy'd.
From the suspended plow they drag the swains,
And for the war dispeople all the plains.
To Arpi next sage Venulus they sped
To beg the aid of royal Diomed;
And charge the hoary envoy to inform
The martial monarch of the rising storm;

That

That Troy's proud navy rides in Tyber's floods;
Æneas here has fixt his vanquish'd gods;
And vaunts himself the prince, ordain'd by fate
To sway the scepter of th' hesperian state;
The nations own his cause, his right proclaim,
And Latium echoes with his growing fame:
That best himself could judge, who knew the foe,
From such a war what dread effects may flow;
What is his mighty aim, his proud intent;
And, should he conquer, what the dire event,
Was left for him to weigh; whose state and throne,
And fortunes stood endanger'd like their own.
All this the trojan chief beheld oppreſt
With cares that roll'd tumultuous in his breaſt.
A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
That turns each way, and points to every side.
So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
Reflects the lunar or the solar beam:
Swift and elusive of the dazled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
Thence to the ceiling shoot the glancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering splendor plays.
'Twas night——and, weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay;
And last the trojan prince, oppreſt with care
On the dire prospect of th' approaching war,
Sunk, and in balmy slumbers clos'd his eyes;
His couch the bank; his canopy the skies.
When, slow emerging thro' the poplar wood,
Rose the majestic father of the flood,
Tyber, the guardian god, in open view;
An azure mantle round his shoulders flew.

A wreath

A wreath of reeds adorn'd his hoary head,
And, to relieve his sorrows, thus he said:
O long-expected on our blest abodes,
Great chief, the true descendent of the gods!
Whose conduct brings thy rescu'd Troy once more
To rise immortal on our latian shore;
Proceed, and conquer, prince! nor yield to fear;
Here lies thy fated home, thy Ilion here.
Go---meet the threat'ning war; thy cares are vain,
The gods relent, and heav'n grows mild again.
Nor think, an airy vision of the night,
A transient empty dream deludes thy sight:
Soon thou shalt view, beneath an oak reclin'd,
A large white mother of the bristly kind,
With her white numerous brood of thirty young,
Who drain her udders as she lies along.
There, there, thy town, great heroe, shall ascend,
There all thy labours, all thy woes shall end.
Heav'n, by this sign ordains, thy royal son,
When thirty years in full succession run,
Shall build a * city of distinguish'd fame,
Which from this omen shall derive her name.
But to succeed, pursue what I advise;
Go, make th' arcadian tribes thy firm allies.
The race, that own'd of old great Pallas' sway,
Hither beneath Evander bent their way;
Then rais'd their walls on the tall mountain's crown;
And Pallas' name adorn'd the rising town:
But soon the latian race in arms appear;
And with the strangers wage a dreadful war;
Go, join their forces, and their aid implore,
And fear the gath'ring hostile train no more.

* *Alba.* Rise,

Riſe, ſon of Venus, riſe, employ thy oars;
Our ſelf will guide thee to the friendly ſhores.
Soon as the day ſhall dawn, thy gifts prepare,
And vanquiſh heav'n's revengeful queen with pray'r.
Crown'd with ſucceſs, and all thy foes o'er-aw'd,
Diſcharge to me the honours of a god,
To me the fire of this immortal flood:
For know, old Tyber ſtands before thine eyes,
Ador'd on earth, and reverenc'd in the ſkies.
I lead, in peaceful pomp, my humid train,
Along theſe banks, and bathe the fruitful plain;
And on our ſides a city ſhall be ſeen;
Our glorious ſeat; the world's majeſtic queen.

The god then plung'd beneath his oozy bed;
And with the night the hero's ſlumber fled.
He roſe, and ſtrait his joyful eyes ſurvey
The purple ſplendors of the dawning day;
Then water in his palm devoutly took,
Rais'd to the ſkies, and thus with tranſport ſpoke:

Ye nymphs, laurentian nymphs! from whoſe ſupplies
And watry ſtores the ſwelling rivers riſe;
And thou, old Tyber! my propitious guide,
Receive Æneas on thy ſacred tide;
From every ill defend him, as he goes,
And look with pity on his endleſs woes.
Then, from whatever ſource thy ſtreams ſurvey
The golden light, and murmuring ſpring to day;
O thou, the greateſt of the watry gods,
Majeſtic prince of all th' heſperian floods!
Still to thy name due honours will I pay,
And gifts unceaſing on thy altars lay.
But oh! be preſent with thy aid divine,
Diſplay, and then confirm the promis'd ſign.

He ſaid, then arm'd his Trojans, and ſupply'd
Two barks with oars, to ſtem the yellow tide.
When lo! the promis'd omen was diſplay'd;
The large white dam lay ſtretch'd along the ſhade,
With all her ſnowy young, in open view;
Whom, with her brood, the prince to Juno flew.
Now while the ſhips with equal ſtrokes they row'd,
All night old Tyber calm'd his ſwelling flood.
The ſlumbering ſtreams no mingling murmurs make,
Smooth as the glaſſy level of the lake.
With joyful ſhouts the ſable gallies glide,
Eaſy and light, along the floating tide.
Surpriz'd, the foreſts and the floods beheld
Bright arms and veſſels on the watry field.
All night, all day, they ply their buſy oars
Along the mazes of the winding ſhores,
And gently move beneath the waving ſcene
Of groves, that paint the checquer'd floods with green.
Now had the ſun's bright courſers whirl'd on high
His fiery chariot to the mid-day ſky:
When lo! the diſtant tow'rs the train deſcries;
And walls and intermingled houſes riſe;
Evander's homely ſtate—where now appears
Immortal Rome, advanc'd above the ſtars!
Thither they turn the prow without delay,
And to the city bend their eager way.
Before the town, within the gloomy woods,
To great Alcides and the favouring gods,
It chanc'd, that day, th' arcadian monarch paid
A ſolemn offering in the ſecret ſhade.
Pallas his ſon, the rural ſenate round,
And the chief youths the flaming altars crown'd:

With

With fuming incenſe in their hands they ſtood,
And the red pavement bluſh'd with ſacred blood.
Soon as they ſaw the ſhips in ſilence move,
And ſhine between the openings of the grove;
A ſudden dread ſtrikes cold thro' every breaſt;
They ſtart, they riſe, and leave th' unfiniſh'd feaſt.
But Pallas bids the gueſts the rite purſue,
Then ſnatch'd a javelin, and impetuous flew;
Reſolve me, ſtranger, (from a point he calls,)
Who, whence you are, and why approach our walls?
What urg'd your voyage to theſe ſhores, declare?
Speak, ſpeak your buſineſs—Bring you peace or war?
High on the ſtern the trojan heroe ſtands,
And held a branch of olive in his hands.
Behold, he cries, the far-fam'd ſons of Troy;
Theſe ſwords againſt the Latians we employ;
The perjur'd Latians; whoſe unjuſt alarms
Force us to fly to great Evander's arms.
Go, tell your king, the dardan chiefs appear,
And beg his potent ſuccour in the war.
Whoe'er thou art, approach, he cries with joy,
(All fir'd to hear the glorious name of Troy;)
To my great father be thy ſuit addreſt,
And grace our manſions, as a friend and gueſt.
With that he gave the dardan prince his hand,
And led the godlike heroe from the ſtrand:
Then to the ſacred grove their way they took;
And thus the Trojan to the monarch ſpoke:
Beſt of the Greeks! to whom devoid of fear,
Conſtrain'd by fate, theſe types of peace I bear.
Tho' from Arcadia's hoſtile bounds you came,
Ally'd to both the kings of Atreus' name,

Yet

Yet hither did thy fame my ſteps incline,
My own fixt choice, heav'n's oracles divine;
And the mixt glories of our kindred line.
For know, we both from mighty Atlas trace,
Who props th' etherial ſpheres, our antient race.
Our father Dardanus, d glorious name,
From his fam'd daughter, fair Electra, came.
His beauteous Maia, on Cyllene's height,
Diſclos'd your ſire, great Mercury, to light.
Thus from that common ſource divided run
Our ſacred lines, as firſt they met in one.
Rais'd by theſe hopes all caution I diſown,
And ſent no envoys to addreſs thy throne,
But came, unguarded, fearleſs, and alone:
Our daunian foes, with equal rage, deſtroy
Your ſuff'ring ſubjects and the ſons of Troy;
And hope, if they expell the dardan train,
From ſea to ſea to propagate their reign.
Then in a league let either nation join;
For know, our Trojans are a martial line,
Valiant and bold, and ſeaſon'd to alarms,
True to their leagues, and exercis'd in arms!
Thus he---the monarch roll'd his eager eyes
O'er his majeſtic form, and thus replies:
On all thy features how I dwell with joy!
Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious prince of Troy!
How in thy face, my antient friend I ſee!
Anchiſes looks, and lives, and ſpeaks in thee!
Well I recall great Priam's ſtately port,
When once he ſought his * royal ſiſter's court
On ſalaminian ſhores, with all his train;
And took his way thro' our arcadian plain.

* *Heſione.* Then,

Then, but a youth, I gaz'd the ſtrangers o'er;
And much admir'd the chiefs, the monarch more;
But moſt Anchiſes; for, ſupreamly tall,
Thy graceful godlike ſire outſhin'd them all.
Eager I long'd in friendſhip's ſacred bands
To hold the chief, and join our plighted hands,
Led him to Pheneus' antient walls, careſt
Th' illuſtrious prince, and claim'd him for my gueſt.
On me, at parting, generous he beſtow'd
Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,
(A glorious preſent by my ſon poſſeſt,)
With a rich quiver and embroider'd veſt.
The peace you aſk, we give; our friendſhip plight,
And, ſoon as morn reveals the purple light,
With our confederate troops, a martial train,
Safe I'll diſmiſs thee from theſe walls again.
Now, ſince as friends you honour our abode,
Aſſiſt, and pay due offerings to the god.
With us purſue the ſolemn annual feaſts,
And from this hour commence our conſtant gueſts.
He ſaid; the bowls replac'd in open view,
The joyful train the holy rites renew;
The hoary king diſpos'd his gueſts around,
And plac'd the Trojans on the verdant ground.
But for their prince an ample couch was ſpread;
A lion's ſpoils adorn'd the rural bed.
Now brought the choſen youths and prieſts again
The ſacred banquet to the ſtranger train;
Diſpens'd from caniſters the bread around,
And with the foaming wine the goblets crown'd:
The dardan prince and every trojan gueſt,
Reclin'd at eaſe, partake the ſolemn feaſt.

But

But when the rage of craving hunger fled,
Thus to the chief the hoary monarch ſaid:
'Tis not for nought we pay theſe rites divine
To great Alcides' ever-honour'd ſhrine;
Our worſhip ſprings from gratitude ſincere,
Not heady zeal, nor ſuperſtitious fear.
Nor are our tribes by blind devotion aw'd;
But, ſav'd by Hercules, adore the god.
For lo! in air yon' hanging rock behold!
See heaps on heaps, on ruins ruins roll'd!
See yon' huge cavern, yawning wide around!
Where ſtill the ſhatter'd mountain ſpreads the ground.
That ſpacious hold, grim Cacus once poſſeſt,
Tremendous fiend! half human, half a beaſt!
Deep, deep as hell, the diſmal dungeon lay,
Dark and impervious to the beams of day.
With copious ſlaughter ſmoak'd the purple floor;
Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
Dreadful to view! and dropp'd with crimſon gore.
The fiend from Vulcan ſprung; and, like his ſire,
The mighty monſter breath'd a ſtorm of fire,
So fierce he rag'd; till time at length beſtow'd
The preſence, aid, and vengeance of a god.
For now Alcides left the realms of Spain,
Proud of the ſpoils of huge Geryon ſlain.
To theſe fair ſhores the bellowing droves he led;
Along the banks and flow'ry vales they fed.
The fiend reſolves to bear the prize away
By fraud or force; and meditates the prey.
Four beauteous heifers, four fair bulls he took,
Inclos'd and lodg'd them in the gloomy rock;
But by their tails the ſtruggling prey he drew,
And thought to puzzle the deluded view.

The turning tracks, inverted, where they tread,
Back from the monſter's darkſom cavern led.
Meantime the mighty drove the heroe leads
To freſher paſtures, and untrampled meads.
The parting herds ſpread wide, and roar around;
Fields, woods and hills, rebellow to the ſound.
When lo! a heifer heard her love complain,
And roar'd reſponſive from the cave again;
From vault to vault the ſound in thunder flew,
And the detected fraud appear'd in view.
Alcides ſeiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
Rage in his looks, and all his ſoul on fire.
Fierce in his hands, the pond'rous club he ſhook,
And, mad for vengeance, mounts th' aërial rock.
Then, firſt appall'd the monſter we deſcry,
Death in his cheek, and horror in his eye.
Swift as the wind, with terror wing'd, he fled,
And in the gloomy cavern plung'd his head.
The pond'rous rock, impenetrably ſtrong,
On ſolid hinges by his father hung,
To guard the dreadful dungeon, down he drew:
The ſhatter'd chains and burſting barriers flew.
Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate.
He gnaſh'd his teeth with rage, the paſſes try'd,
And roll'd his eager eyes on every ſide;
Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw:
And thrice, impetuous, round the mountain flew;
Thrice ſtrove to ſtorm the maſſy gates in vain;
And thrice o'erſpent, ſate panting on the plain.
A pointed rock behind the cavern ſtood,
That to the left frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,

Black,

Black, rough, and vaſt; a pile of wond'rous height,
A ſolemn haunt for every bird of night.
This, from the right, the god incumbent ſhook;
Fierce from the ſolid baſe he heav'd the rock.
Then, puſh'd convulſive with a frightful peal,
The ſmoaking ſteep rolls thund'ring down the vale.
To the loud din, earth, air and heaven reply;
The banks ſtart wide, and back the ſurges fly.
Expos'd to ſight the monſter's dungeon lay,
And the huge cave flew open to the day.
So, if the bolts of Jove ſhould burſt the ground,
And opening earth diſcloſe the vaſt profound,
The ſolemn ſecrets of the dark abodes,
Hell's dreadful regions, dreadful ev'n to gods;
Full on the black abyſs the beams would play,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day:
As pale (his dungeon ſtorm'd) with wild affright,
Glares the dire fiend, ſurpriz'd in open light.
He roars aloud, while, thund'ring from above,
Full on the foe the furious heroe drove
With every vengeful inſtrument in view;
Whole trunks of trees and broken rocks he threw.
Now round the cavern, in deſpair of flight,
Th' enormous monſter breathes a ſudden night:
To blind or blaſt his mighty foe, expires
Thick clouds of ſmoke, and all his father's fires.
With that, the vengeful god in fury grew,
And headlong thro' the burning tempeſt flew.
Fierce on the fiend, thro' ſtifling fumes he came,
Thro' ſtreams of ſmoke and deluges of flame;
There, while in vain he breath'd the fires around,
His trembling prize the great Alcides found;

Limb lock'd in limb, from earth his feet he rends,
And on the ground his monſtrous bulk extends,
Strangled the ſtruggling foe with matchleſs might,
And from their caverns tore the balls of ſight.
Thus the huge fiend, exhauſted, breathleſs, tir'd,
Loud bellowing, in th' herculean graſp expir'd.
The god then burſt the gates; and open lie
The den's vaſt depths, all naked to the ſky.
Th' expanded caves diſmiſs th' impriſon'd prey,
From the black darkſom dungeon to the day.
Forth by the feet the crowds the monſter drew;
On his huge ſize they feaſt their eager view;
His ſhaggy limbs, his dreadful eyes admire,
And gaping throat, that breath'd infernal fire.
From that bleſt hour th' arcadian tribes beſtow'd
Theſe ſolemn honours on their guardian god.
Potitius firſt, his gratitude to prove,
Ador'd Alcides in the ſhady grove;
And with the old pinarian ſacred line,
Theſe altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,
Rites, which our ſons for ever ſhall maintain;
And ever ſacred ſhall the grove remain.
Come then, with us to great Alcides pray,
And crown your heads, and ſolemnize the day.
Invoke our common god with hymns divine,
And from the goblet pour the generous wine.
He ſaid, and with the poplar's ſacred boughs,
Like great Alcides, binds his hoary brows;
Rais'd the crown'd goblet high, in open view:
With him, the gueſts the holy rite purſue,
And on the board the rich libation threw.
Now from before the riſing ſhades of night,
Roll'd down the ſteep of heav'n, the beamy light.

Clad in the fleecy ſpoils of ſheep, proceed
The holy prieſts; Potitius at their head.
With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,
And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again;
With care the copious viands they diſpoſe;
And for their gueſts a ſecond banquet roſe.
The fires curl high; the Salii dance around
To ſacred ſtrains, with ſhady poplars crown'd.
The quires of old and young, in lofty lays,
Reſound great Hercules' immortal praiſe.
How firſt, his infant hands the ſnakes o'erthrew,
That Juno ſent; and the dire monſters ſlew.
What mighty cities next his arms deſtroy,
Th' œchalian walls, and ſtately tow'rs of Troy.
The thouſand labours of the hero's hands,
Enjoin'd by proud Euryſtheus' ſtern commands,
And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchleſs might
O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight;
Hylæus, Pholus, ſunk beneath thy feet,
And the grim bull, whoſe rage diſpeopled Crete.
Beneath thy arm the nemean monſter fell;
Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell;
Ev'n hell's grim porter ſhook with dire diſmay,
Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey.
No ſhapes of danger could thy ſoul affright;
Nor huge Typhœus, towering to the fight,
Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
With all her hundred heads, that hiſs'd around.
Hail mighty chief, advanc'd to heav'n's abodes!
Hail ſon of Jove; a god among the gods!
Be preſent to the vows thy ſuppliants pay,
And with a ſmile theſe grateful rites ſurvey.

Thus they---but Cacus' cavern crowns the ſtrain,
Where the grim monſter breath'd his flames in vain.
To the glad ſong, the vales, the woods rebound,
The lofty hills reply, and echo to the ſound.
The ſacred rites compleat, the numerous train
Back to the city bend their courſe again.
Trembling with age, ſlow moves the monarch on,
Between the heroe and his blooming ſon.
They paſs with pleaſure the remains of day
In various converſe, that beguiles the way.
Around, th' illuſtrious ſtranger darts his ſight,
And views each place with wonder and delight:
Curious each antient monument ſurveys,
And aſks of every work of antient days,
Half ſunk in ruins, and by age o'ercome---
When thus, the founder of majeſtic Rome:
Know, mighty prince, theſe venerable woods,
Of old, were haunted by the ſylvan gods,
And ſavage tribes, a rugged race, who took
Their birth primæval from the ſtubborn oak.
No laws, no manners form'd the barbarous race;
But wild, the natives rove from place to place;
Untaught and rough, improvident of gain,
They heap'd no wealth, nor turn'd the fruitful plain.
Their food, the ſavage fruits the foreſts yield,
Or hunted game, the fortune of the field.
Till Saturn fled before victorious Jove,
Driv'n down and baniſh'd from the realms above.
He by juſt laws embody'd all the train,
Who roam'd the hills, and drew them to the plain;
There fixt; and Latium call'd the new abode,
Whoſe friendly ſhores conceal'd the latent god.

Theſe realms in peace the monarch long controll'd,
And bleſt the nations with an age of gold.
A ſecond age ſucceeds, but darker far,
Dimm'd by the luſt of gain, and rage of war.
Then the Sicanians and Auſonians came,
And Saturn's realm alternate chang'd her name.
Succeſſive tyrants rul'd the latian plain;
Then ſtern, huge Tybris held his cruel reign.
The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coaſt,
Receiv'd his name, and Albula was loſt.
I came the laſt, thro' ſtormy oceans driv'n
From my own kingdom by the hand of heav'n.
My mother goddeſs and Apollo bore
My courſe at length to this auſpicious ſhore.
This ſaid, the prince the gate and altar ſhows,
That to his parent, great Carmenta, roſe;
Whoſe voice foretold, the ſons of Troy ſhould crown
With everlaſting fame the riſing town.
Here, Pan, beneath the rocks thy temple ſtood;
There, the renown'd aſylum, in the wood.
Now points the monarch, where, by vengeful ſteel,
His murder'd gueſt, poor hapleſs Argus fell!
Next, to the Capitol their courſe they hold,
Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold.
Ev'n then her awful ſanctity appear'd;
The ſwains the local majeſty rever'd.
All pale with ſacred horror, they ſurvey'd
The ſolemn mountain and the reverend ſhade.
Some god, the monarch ſaid, ſome latent god
Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning wood.
Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes
Have ſeen great Jove, dread ſovereign of the ſkies;

High o'er their heads, the god his ægis held,
And blacken'd heav'n with clouds, and ſhook th' immortal [ſhield!
In ruins there, two mighty towns, behold,
Rais'd by our ſires; huge monuments of old!
Janus' and Saturn's name they proudly bore,
Their two great founders!---but are now no more!
Thus they convers'd on works of antient fame,
Till to the monarch's humble courts they came;
There oxen ſtalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,
And bellowing herds in the proud forum graz'd.
Lo! ſaid the good old king, this poor abode
Receiv'd great Hercules, the victor god!
Thou too, as nobly, raiſe thy ſoul above
All pomps, and emulate the ſeed of Jove.
With that the heroe's hands the monarch preſt,
And to the manſion led his godlike gueſt.
There on a bear's rough ſpoils his limbs he laid,
And ſwelling foliage heap'd the homely bed.
Now awful night her ſolemn darkneſs brings,
And ſtretches o'er the world her duſky wings;
When Venus, (trembling at the dire alarms
Of hoſtile Latium, and her ſons in arms,)
In thoſe ſtill moments, thus to Vulcan ſaid,
Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed:
(Her thrilling words her melting conſort move,
And every accent fans the flames of love:)
When cruel Greece and unrelenting fate
Conſpir'd to ſink in duſt the trojan ſtate,
As Ilion's doom was ſeal'd, I ne'er implor'd,
In thoſe long wars, the labours of my lord;
Nor urg'd my dear, dear conſort to impart,
For a loſt empire, his immortal art;

Tho'

Tho' Priam's royal off ſpring claim'd my care,
Tho' much I ſorrow'd for my godlike heir.
Now as the chief, by Jove's ſupreme command,
Has reach'd at length the deſtin'd latian land;
To thee, my guardian pow'r, for aid I run;
A goddeſs begs; a mother for a ſon.
Oh! guard the heroe from theſe dire alarms,
Forge, for the chief, impenetrable arms.
See, what proud cities every hand employ,
To arm new hoſts againſt the ſons of Troy;
On me and all my people, from afar
See what aſſembled nations pour to war!
Yet not in vain her ſorrows Thetis ſhed,
Nor the fair * partner of Tithonus' bed,
When they implor'd my lord of old, to grace
With arms immortal an inferiour race.
Hear then, nor let thy queen in vain implore
The gift, thoſe goddeſſes obtain'd before.
This ſaid; her arms, that match the winter ſnows,
Around her unreſolving lord ſhe throws;
When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies,
That gilds with momentary beams the ſkies,
The thrilling flames of love, without controul,
Flew thro' the ſooty god, and fir'd his ſoul.
With conſcious joy her conqueſt ſhe deſcry'd;
When, by her charms ſubdu'd, her lord reply'd:
Why all theſe reaſons urg'd, my mind to move;
When ſuch your beauties, and ſo fierce my love!
Long ſince, at your requeſt, my ready care,
In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your ſon for war.
Nor did the high decrees of Jove and fate
Doom to ſo ſwift a fall the dardan ſtate.

* *Aurora.*

But, ten years more, old Priam might enjoy
Th' imperial ſcepter and the throne of Troy.
Yet, if our queen is bent the war to wage,
Her ſacred cauſe ſhall all our art engage.
The nobleſt arms our potent ſkill can frame,
With breathing bellows or the forming flame,
Or poliſh'd ſteel, refulgent to behold,
Or mingled metals, damaſk'd o'er with gold,
Shall grace the chief: thy anxious fears give o'er,
And doubt thy intereſt in my love no more.
He ſpoke; and, fir'd with tranſport by her charms,
Claſp'd the fair goddeſs in his eager arms;
Then pleas'd, and panting on her boſom lay,
Sunk in repoſe, and all diſſolv'd away;
But roſe refreſh'd, impatient, from the bed,
When half the ſilent hours of night were fled.
What time the poor laborious frugal dame,
Who plies the diſtaff, ſtirs the dying flame;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their taſk with half the night;
Thus to her children ſhe divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed:
So to his taſk, before the dawn, retires
From ſoft repoſe the father of the fires.
Amid th' heſperian and ſicilian flood,
All black with ſmoke, a rocky * iſland ſtood,
The dark vulcanian land, the region of the god.
Here the grim Cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge æolian forge, that thunders round.
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er;
From ſide to ſide the fiery caverns roar.
Loud

* *Hiera.*

Loud groans the maſs beneath their ponderous blows;
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows.
To this dark region, from the bright abode,
With ſpeed impetuous flew the fiery god.
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
Thick burſt the ſparkles from the tortur'd ſteel.
Huge ſtrokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,
And ſtrong Pyracmon ſhook the gloomy cave.
Before their ſovereign came, the Cyclops ſtrove
With eager ſpeed, to forge a bolt for Jove.
Such as by heaven's almighty lord are hurl'd,
All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty world.
Beneath their hands, tremendous to ſurvey!
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conſpire;
Three arm'd with wind; and three were barb'd with fire.
The maſs they temper'd thick with livid rays,
Fear, Wrath and Terror, and the Lightning's blaze.
With equal ſpeed, a ſecond train prepare
The rapid chariot for the god of war;
The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
The madding nations to the rage of fight.
Some, in a fringe, the burniſh'd ſerpents roll'd,
Round the dread ægis, bright with ſcales of gold;
The horrid ægis, great Minerva's ſhield,
When, in her wrath, ſhe takes the fatal field.
All charg'd with curling ſnakes the boſs they rais'd,
And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd.
In agonizing pains the monſter frown'd,
And roll'd, in death, her fiery eyes around.
Throw, throw your taſks aſide, the ſovereign ſaid;
Arms for a godlike heroe muſt be made.

Fly to the work before the dawn of day;
Your ſpeed, your ſtrength, and all your ſkill diſplay.
Swift as the word, (his orders to purſue,)
To the black labours of the forge they flew;
Vaſt heaps of ſteel in the deep furnace roll'd,
And bubbling ſtreams of braſs, and floods of melted gold.
The brethren firſt a glorious ſhield prepare,
Capacious of the whole rutulian war.
Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame;
Some with huge bellows rouze the roaring flame:
Some in the ſtream the hiſſing metals drown'd;
From vault to vault the thund'ring ſtrokes rebound,
And the deep caves rebellow to the ſound.
Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays;
In time their arms the giant brethren raiſe,
And turn the glowing maſs a thouſand ways.
Theſe cares employ the father of the fires;
Meantime Evander from his couch retires,
Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,
And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day,
Firſt the warm tunic round his limbs he threw;
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals drew.
Around his ſhoulders flow'd the panther's hide,
And the bright ſword hung glittering at his ſide.
Two mighty dogs, domeſtic at his board,
(A faithful guard,) attend their aged lord.
The promis'd aid revolving in his breaſt,
The careful monarch ſought his godlike gueſt,
Who with Achates roſe at dawn of day,
And join'd the king and Pallas on the way.
Their friendly hands exchang'd, their ſeats they took
Amid the hall; and firſt Evander ſpoke:

Creat

Great prince, the guardian of the trojan ſtate!
Who, ſafe in thee, defies the frowns of fate;
Small is our force, and ſlender our relief;
Far, far unworthy ſuch a glorious chief.
For here, old Tyber bounds our lands; and there
The ſtern Rutulians gird our walls with war;
Yet to our court kind fortune led thy way;
And mighty aids the willing fates diſplay;
By me whole nations, in thy cauſe ally'd,
Whole hoſts in arms ſhall gather to thy ſide.
For near theſe walls, amid the tuſcan lands,
Seated on rocks, proud Agyllina ſtands,
Rais'd by the lydian train, ſublime in air,
A martial race, and terrible in war.
For ages flouriſh'd this diſtinguiſh'd town;
Vaſt was her wealth, and glorious her renown;
Till ſtern Mezentius made her ſons obey
His lawleſs arms, and arbitrary ſway.
What tongue can ſuch barbarities record,
Or count the ſlaughters of his ruthleſs ſword?
Give him, ye gods! if juſtice you regard,
Give him, and all his race, the due reward!
'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltleſs bled;
Still worſe;---he bound the living to the dead.
Theſe, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,
(Oh! monſtrous crime of unexampled kind!)
Till choak'd with ſtench the lingering wretches lay,
And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away.
At length, their patience tir'd, his ſubjects roſe,
Beſiege the tyrant, and his walls incloſe,
Subdue his guards, deſtroy his friends, and aim
Full at the regal towers the vengeful flame;

While for defence to Turnus he withdrew,
And ſafe, thro' all the cloud of ſlaughter, flew.
But arm'd by juſt revenge, the tuſcan band
To death the royal fugitive demand.
At once Etruria fires her martial train,
And all her ſons embattled ſpread the plain.
By me diſpos'd, ſhall march theſe mighty hoſts
Beneath thy conduct, from their native coaſts.
For now, ev'n now their fleets have reach'd the land,
And the tall ſhips are rang'd along the ſtrand;
They wait the ſignal, for the fight prepare;
But thus a ſage retards the moving war:
'Ye choſen martial train, the glorious grace
'And flower of all our old mæonian race;
'Tho', by juſt rage inſpir'd, your hoſts are led
'To pour full vengeance on your tyrant's head,
'No latian chief theſe armies muſt command;
'Chuſe ſome brave general from a foreign land.
With that, their forces ſtopp'd in theſe abodes,
Struck with this awful warning of the gods.
To me, their chief bold Tarchon ſent, before,
The crown, and every type of regal pow'r;
Me they requeſt to lead their armies on,
Accept the ſway, and fill the vacant throne.
But for theſe ſilver hairs 'tis far too late
To mix in battles, or the cares of ſtate;
Vain were the thoughts, ſo great a war to wage;
Too rough the taſk for unperforming age:
My ſon had led them, but his race withſtood;
Born half a native by the mother's blood.
But thou, great prince, whoſe years and godlike line
Stand well approv'd by every pow'r divine,

Go

Go thou; the high imperial task ſuſtain;
Go; to ſure conqueſt lead the vengeful train:
And let my Pallas by thy ſide engage,
Pallas, the joy of my declining age.
Beneath ſo great a maſter's forming care,
Let the dear youth learn every work of war;
In every field thy matchleſs toils admire,
And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious fire!
Beneath his ſtandard rang'd, a choſen force
I ſend, two hundred brave arcadian horſe;
And, to ſupport the gathering war, my ſon
Shall lead an equal ſquadron of his own.
He ſaid; the prince and friend, in cares profound,
Long fixt their eyes with anguiſh on the ground,
Sad, and dejected at the ſhort ſupply;
Till Venus gave a ſignal from the ſky;
Swift from the opening heavens, with awful ſound,
A ſudden ſplendor broke, and blaz'd around.
A rolling general din they heard from far;
And the loud tyrrhene trumpets rend the air.
While thus, amaz'd, they gaze with wond'ring eyes,
Peal after peal runs rattling round the ſkies.
At laſt bright claſhing arms the train behold,
That fluſh the ſkies, and fringe the clouds with gold.
But ſoon Æneas knew the loud alarms,
The promis'd preſent of immortal arms.
To me alone, my royal friend, he cries,
This ſign belongs, an omen from the ſkies.
My mother promis'd theſe portents in air,
On the firſt opening of the waſtful war.
To me ſhe brings, thro' yon' etherial road,
Thoſe glorious arms, the labour of a god!

Oh!

Oh! what a gathering ſtorm of ſlaughter ſpreads
On yonder hoſts, and blackens o'er their heads!
How ſhalt thou, Turnus, my full rage deplore!
How ſhall thy waves, old Tyber, ſmoke with gore,
When all thy ſtreams, incumber'd with the ſlain,
Roll ſhields, and helms, and heroes to the main!
Now let the perjur'd train their arms prepare;
Since 'tis their wiſh, I'll give a looſe to war!
He ſaid; and from the ſylvan throne retires;
Then on Alcides' altar wakes the fires;
Glad he returns, the offering to renew,
And to the houſhold gods the victims ſlew.
To the ſame rites return, with equal joy,
The hoary monarch and the youths of Troy.
Then to the ſhips he bends his courſe again,
There culls the flower of all the warrior train,
To wait him to the field; the reſt he ſends
With the glad tidings to his ſon and friends.
Smooth o'er the waves the painted veſſels glide,
And with the ſtream move gently down the tide.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the trojan train,
And ſpeed their progreſs to the tuſcan plain.
But to their prince a courſer was aſſign'd
Of matchleſs ſpirit and ſuperior kind.
The bounding ſteed a lion's ſpoils infold,
With paws dependent, ſheath'd in ſhining gold.
Strait thro' the city flies the loud report
Of troops advancing to the tuſcan court.
The ſhrieking matrons weary heav'n with prayer;
Near and more near they view, in wild deſpair,
The horrid image of gigantic war.

Th:

The good old monarch then embrac'd his ſon,
And with a flood of tender tears begun:
Oh! would almighty Jove once more renew
That vigorous ſtrength of youth, which once I knew;
When, by this hand, beneath her rocky wall,
Præneſte ſaw her vanquiſh'd armies fall;
When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame,
With piles of hoſtile ſhields I fed the flame,
And ſent great Herilus, of matchleſs might,
Their martial monarch, to the ſhades of night;
On whom, deſcended from celeſtial blood,
Three lives his goddeſs *mother had beſtow'd.
Wondrous to tell! the warrior thrice was ſlain,
As oft reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.
Thrice, tho' renew'd for fight, the monarch bled,
And thrice, of all his arms I ſtripp'd the dead.
Such were I now----not all theſe dire alarms,
Dangers, or deaths, ſhould tear me from thy arms:
Nor had Mezentius thus his ſlaughters ſpread,
Thus heap'd with wrongs thy father's aged head;
Nor thus unpuniſh'd ſtretch'd his rage abhorr'd
O'er towns diſpeopled by his waſtful ſword.
But hear, ye gods! and heaven's great ruler, hear,
With due regard, a king's and father's pray'r!
My dear, dear Pallas if the fates ordain
Safe to return, and bleſs theſe eyes again:
With age, pain, ſickneſs, this one bleſſing give;
On this condition I'll endure to live,
But oh! if fortune has decreed his doom,
Now, now, by death, prevent my woes to come;
Now, while my hopes and fears uncertain flow;
Now, ere ſhe lifts her hand to ſtrike the blow;

* *Feronia.*

While

While in theſe feeble arms I ſtrain the boy,
My ſole delight, my laſt ſurviving joy!
Ere the ſad news of his untimely doom
Muſt bow this hoary head with ſorrow to the tomb!
With theſe laſt words he ſwoon'd, and ſunk away:
His ſervants to the couch their breathleſs lord convey.
Now thro' the opening gates the warriors ride,
Æneas firſt, Achates by his ſide.
The trojan chiefs ſucceed: amid the train
Young Pallas tow'rs, conſpicuous o'er the plain.
All bright his military purple flow'd;
His poliſh'd arms with golden ſplendors glow'd.
So, bath'd in ocean, with a vivid ray
Flames the refulgent ſtar, that leads the day:
Wide thro' the ſky, before the ſacred light,
Break and diſperſe the ſcattering ſhades of night.
High on the battlements the mothers ſtand,
And, from the tow'rs, ſurvey the martial band.
Thro' the thick woods, embody'd in array,
The glittering ſquadrons take the neareſt way.
Loud ſhouts ariſe; the thundering courſers bound
Thro' clouds of duſt, and paw the trembling ground.
A mighty grove, rever'd for ages, ſtood
Where Cære views with pride her rolling flood:
Hills clad with firr, to guard the hallow'd bound,
Roſe in the majeſty of darkneſs round.
In times of old, the pious argive train,
The firſt poſſeſſors of the latian plain,
To the great * guardian of the fields, had made
For ever ſacred, the devoted ſhade,
And, on his ſolemn day, their annual offerings paid.

Not

* *Sylvanus*,

Not far from hence the tuſcan hoſt diſpread
Their mighty camp, with Tarchon at their head.
From the tall towering point in full ſurvey,
Stretch'd o'er the vale, th' embattled army lay.
Hither Æneas, with his band, ſucceeds;
Refreſh'd his train, and eas'd the panting ſteeds.
Meantime his beauteous mother, from on high,
Had brought the blazing preſent down the ſky.
By the cool ſtream the heroe ſhe ſurvey'd
Within the winding vale, and thus ſhe ſaid:
Behold the promis'd arms; in every part
By Vulcan labour'd with immortal art.
Now dare thy foes, collected in thy might,
Now call the haughty Turnus to the fight.
Then the fair queen her joyful ſon embrac'd,
And, by an oak, the radiant burthen plac'd.
The wondering chief with ſudden rapture glow'd,
Struck with the glorious labours of the god.
Aſtoniſh'd at the blazing arms he ſtands,
And, one by one, he pois'd 'em in his hands.
The ſword, with death all pointed, he admires,
And the proud helm, that ſhoots a length of fires.
The mighty corſlet caſt a vivid ray;
With ſcales of braſs and ſanguine colours gay:
And, like a flaming cloud, refulgent ſhone,
Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the ſun.
The poliſh'd greaves his manly thighs infold,
With mingled metals wrought and ductile gold.
With joy the weighty ſpear the prince beheld;
But moſt admir'd the huge myſterious ſhield;
For there had Vulcan, ſkill'd in times to come,
Diſplay'd the triumphs of immortal Rome;

There

There all the julian line the god had wrought,
And charg'd the gold with battles yet unfought.
Here in a verdant cave, delightful ſhade!
The foſtering wolf and martial * twins were laid;
Th' indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,
While at her dugs the ſportive infants hung,
Look'd fondly back, and form'd 'em with her tongue.
Next Rome appear'd; here ſhriek the ſabine dames,
Surpriz'd, and raviſh'd at her ſolemn games.
In arms the Cures with their king appear,
And wage with infant Rome a ſudden war.
At length agreed, from fight the monarchs ceaſe,
And, at the ſhrine of Jove, conclude the peace.
Each king beſide the bleeding victim ſtands,
With lifted eyes, a goblet in his hands.
Here the mad courſers flew the foreſt o'er,
And, limb from limb, the perjur'd Metius tore.
As vengeful Tullus drags him thro' the wood,
The ſculptur'd trees are all bedrop'd with blood.
Here proud Porſenna, with his martial train,
Bids Rome receive her baniſh'd † kings again.
Her noble ſons, ſurrounded with alarms,
Fly, in the cauſe of liberty, to arms.
While glorious Cocles all his hoſt withſtood;
And Cloelia broke her chains, and ſwam the flood,
With furious looks, tremendous to behold,
The raging monarch frown'd, and ſtorm'd in gold.
There, for the Capitol, brave Manlius ſtrove,
Fought like a god, and look'd a ſecond Jove.
There ſtood thy palace, Romulus, (decreed
The ſeat of empire,) roof'd with homely reed.
Here

* *Romulus and Remus.* † *Tarquinius Superbus.*

Here fled the ſilver gooſe thro' courts of gold,
And, cackling loud, th' approaching Gauls foretold.
Thro' the thick foreſt move the hoſtile pow'rs,
And, favour'd by the night, invade the tow'rs.
Fair golden treſſes grace the comely train,
And every warrior wears a golden chain.
Embroider'd veſts their ſnowy limbs infold;
And their rich robes are all adorn'd with gold.
Two alpine ſpears with martial pride they wield,
And guard their bodies with an ample ſhield.
The Salii next in ſolemn garbs advance;
And naked here the mad Luperci dance.
The pledge of future empire from the ſky,
The ſacred targe ſtrikes dazling on the eye.
In ſtately cars the pious matrons rode,
Who ſav'd their country and appeas'd the god.

Far hence remov'd, appear the realms below,
The horrid manſions of eternal woe;
Where howl the damn'd; where Cataline in chains
Roars from the dark abyſs, in endleſs pains;
Sees the grim furies all around him ſpread,
And the black rock ſtill trembling o'er his head.
But in a ſeparate ſpace the juſt remain;
And awful Cato rules the godlike train.

Full in the midſt, majeſtically roll'd
The ſolemn ocean, wrought in figur'd gold:
But hoary waves curl high on every ſide;
And ſilver dolphins cut the ſable tide.

Amid the flood, two navies roſe to fight
With beaks of braſs; th' immortal actian fight!
All charg'd with war the boiling billows roll'd,
And the vaſt ocean flam'd with arms of gold.

Here

Here leads divine Auguſtus, thro' the floods,
The ſons of Rome, her fathers and her gods:
From his high ſtern the martial ſcene ſurveys,
While ſtreaming ſplendors round his temples blaze;
His ſparkling eyes a keener glory ſhed,
Than his great father's ſtar, that glitters o'er his head.
Next, with kind gales, the care of every god,
Agrippa leads his ſquadron thro' the flood.
A naval crown adorns the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pours amid th' embattled foes.
There brings proud Antony his various bands
From diſtant nations, and from barbarous lands.
Diſpeopled Egypt fills the watry plain,
And the whole eaſtern world o'erſpreads the main.
But oh!--- the curſe of Rome, the ſhame of war,
His *pharian conſort follows in the rear!
Ruſh the fierce fleets to fight! beneath their oars
And claſhing beaks, the foaming ocean roars!
All big with war the floating caſtles ride,
In bulk enormous, o'er the bending tide;
The frothy ſurge like moving mountains ſweep;
Or iſles unrooted, rolling round the deep.
Spears, darts and flames fly furious o'er the main;
The fields of Neptune take a crimſon ſtain.
The beauteous queen, amidſt the dire alarms,
With her loud timbrels calls her hoſts to arms,
Flies to the fight, nor heeds the ſnakes, that wait
And hiſs behind, dread miniſters of fate!
Againſt great Neptune, in his ſtrength array'd,
And beauteous Venus, and the blue-ey'd maid,
Engage the dog Anubis, on the floods,
And the lewd herd of Egypt's monſter gods.

* *Cleopatra.*

In

In poliſh'd ſteel, conſpicuous from afar,
Amid the tumult ſtorms the god of war.
Her robes all rent, with many an ample ſtride,
Grim Diſcord ſtalk'd, triumphant, o'er the tide.
Next, with her bloody ſcourge Bellona flies,
And leads, in fatal pomp, the furies of the ſkies.
Meantime, enthron'd on Actium's towering height,
The god of day ſurveys the raging fight,
And bends his twanging bow; with ſudden dread,
At the dire ſignal, all Arabia fled:
At once retire, in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Egypt, and all th' aſſembled eaſtern world.
Amid the ſlaughters of the fight was ſeen,
Pale with the fears of death, the pharian queen;
Aghaſt, ſhe calls the kind propitious gales
To ſpeed her flight; and ſpreads her ſilken ſails.
The god diſplay'd her figure, full in view,
As o'er the floods with weſtern winds ſhe flew.
While ſunk in grief, the mighty Nile bemoans
The ſhame and ſlaughter of his vanquiſh'd ſons.
He ſaw the rout; his mantle he unroll'd,
Spread forth his robes, and open'd every fold,
Expanded wide his arms, with timely care,
And in his kind embrace receiv'd the flying war.
Now moves great Cæſar (all his foes o'ercome,)
With three proud triumphs thro' imperial Rome;
And pays immortal honours to the ſkies:
Behold at once three hundred temples riſe!
The ſtreets reſound with ſhouts and ſolemn games;
And to the temples throng the roman dames
With ardent pray'rs: high altars riſe around;
And with the blood of victims ſmokes the ground.

He ſits enthron'd in Phœbus' parian fane;
In ranks before him paſs the vanquiſh'd train,
While he accepts the gifts that crown his toils,
And hangs on high the conſecrated ſpoils.
Before the victor move the mighty throngs,
With different habits and diſcordant tongues.
Here paſs, diſtinguiſh'd by the god of fire,
The ſons of Afric in their looſe attire;
The Carians march; the bold Numidians ride;
The Gelons ſhine with quivers at their ſide.
Here croud the Daæ; and the nations, there,
From earth's laſt ends aſſembled to the war.
Here with diminiſh'd pride Euphrates mourns;
There the maim'd Rhine bemoans his broken horns:
And fierce Araxes, bridg'd of old in vain,
Now bends, ſubmiſſive, to the roman chain.
Such was the glorious gift; in every part
By Vulcan finiſh'd with immortal art:
(The forms unknown, that grac'd its ample field;)
The prince with joy ſurveys the ſtory'd ſhield;
Aloft he bears the triumphs yet to come,
The fortunes of his race, the fates of mighty Rome.

The End of the Eighth Book.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE NINTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's abſence, attempts to fire his ſhips, (which are transform'd into ſea-nymphs,) and aſſaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the laſt extremities, ſend Niſus and Euryalus to recall Æneas, which furniſhes the poet with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, generoſity, and the concluſion of their adventures. In the morning Turnus paſſes the ſiege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he purſues. The gates are immediately cloſed upon him, and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at laſt to leap (arm'd as he is) into the river, and ſwims to his camp.

THUS while the prince collects auxiliar hoſts,
And leads new armies from the tuſcan coaſts;
Diſpatch'd by heaven's great empreſs from the ſkies,
The goddeſs of the bow to Turnus flies,
Where, cover'd with the ſhade, he made abode
In his old grandſire's conſecrated wood;
There, as at eaſe reclin'd the godlike man,
Her roſy lips ſhe open'd, and began:
Turnus, this kind auſpicious hour beſtows
What ſcarce a god could promiſe to thy vows:

For

For lo! the trojan chief has parted hence,
And for new ſuccours courts th' arcadian prince.
Thence to the tuſcan coaſts his courſe he bends,
And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
Now, while the Lydians in his cauſe unite,
And the raw peaſants gather to the fight;
Call, call the fiery courſers and the car;
Fly---ſtorm his camp---and give a looſe to war.
This ſaid; with level'd wings ſhe mounts on high,
And cuts a glorious rainbow in the ſky.

He knew the fair; his lifted hands he ſpread,
And with theſe words purſu'd her as ſhe fled:
Bright beauteous goddeſs of the various bow,
What power diſpatch'd thee to the world below?
What ſplendors open to my dazled eyes!
What floods of glory burſt from all the ſkies!
And lo! the heavens divide, the planets roll!
Thick ſhine the ſtars, and gild the glowing pole!
Call'd by theſe omens to the field of blood,
I follow to the war the great inſpiring god!

Raptur'd he ſaid, and ſought the limpid tide,
Where gurgling ſtreams in ſilver currents glide;
There cleans'd his hands; then raiſing high in air,
To every god addreſs'd his ardent pray'r.

And now, all gay and glorious to behold,
Rich in embroider'd veſts and arms of gold,
On ſprightly prancing ſteeds, the martial train
Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
The van with great Meſſapus at their head;
The deepening rear the ſons of Tyrrheus led.
Brave Turnus flames in arms, ſupremely tall,
Towers in the center, and outſhines them all.

Silent

Silent they march beneath their godlike guide;
So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,
In seven large streams his swelling solemn tide:
So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
Moves in slow pomp, majestic, to the main.
Troy saw from far the blackening cloud arise,
Then from the ramparts height Caïcus cries;
See, see, my friends, yon' dusky martial train,
Involv'd in clouds and sweeping o'er the plain.
To arms---The foes advance---Your swords prepare;
Fly---Mount the ramparts, and repell the war.
With shouts they run; they gather at the call;
They close the gates; they mount; they guard the wall.
For so th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the host,
When late he parted for the tuscan coast,
Whate'er befell, their ardor to restrain,
Trust to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
There, tho' with shame and wrath their bosoms glow,
Shut in their towers, they wait th' embattled foe.
But mighty Turnus rode with rapid speed,
And furious spurr'd his dappled thracian steed;
Eager before the tardy squadrons flew
To reach the walls; and soon appear'd in view,
(With twice ten noble warriors close behind;)
His crimson crest stream'd dreadful in the wind.
Who first, he cry'd, with me the foe will dare?
Then hurl'd a dart, the signal of the war.
Loud shout his train; deep wonder seiz'd them all,
To see the Trojans skulk behind their wall;
Safe in their towers their forces they bestow,
Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.

Now furious Turnus, thundering round the plain,
Tries every poſt and paſs, but tries in vain.
As, beat by tempeſts and by famine bold,
The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold;
Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
Safe from the ſavage bleat the tender lambs;
The monſter meditates the fleecy brood;
Now howls with hunger, and now thirſts for blood;
Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
And madly rages at the flock in vain:
Thus, as th' embattled towers the chief deſcries,
Rage fires his ſoul, and flaſhes from his eyes:
Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
From the cloſe trench to combate on the plain.
But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
Beſide the camp---He calls for burning brands,
And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
His great example the bold troop inſpires;
They rob the hearths; they hurl the miſſive fires;
The blackening ſmokes in curling volumes riſe,
With hovering clouds of cinders, to the ſkies.
O ſay, ye muſes, what celeſtial power
Preſerv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
And ſtopp'd the progreſs of the furious flame?
Old is the tale, but of immortal fame!
The trojan chief, prepar'd to ſtem the tide,
Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide;
When thus to Jove, in heaven's ſupreme abodes,
Spoke the majeſtic mother of the gods:
Hear, and our firſt requeſt, my ſon, accord,
The firſt, ſince heaven has own'd you for her lord.

To

To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
On lofty Ida towers a ſtately grove;
Tall firrs and maples there for years have ſtood,
And waving pines, a venerable wood!
To build his navy, I beſtow'd with joy
The hallow'd foreſt on the chief of Troy.
Now anxious fears diſturb my ſoul with care;
But thou, my ſon, indulge a mother's prayer,
Bid ſeas and tempeſts ſpare the ſhips divine;
Be this their ſafety, that they once were mine.
Thus ſhe---And thus replies her ſon, who rolls
The golden planets round the ſpangled poles:
What would our mother's raſh requeſt intend?
To turn the fates from their determin'd end?
How! an immortal ſtate would you demand
For veſſels labour'd by a mortal hand?
And ſhall the chief in certain ſafety ride,
O'er rocks, o'er gulfs, and o'er th' uncertain tide?
A power ſo high we never yet beſtow'd;
No ---'tis a power too boundleſs for a god!
But this we grant---When, all his labours o'er,
The trojan prince ſhall reach the latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips the friendly ſtrand ſhall gain,
Sav'd from the ſtorms and the devouring main,
Know, we will take the mortal form from theſe;
Each ſhip ſhall launch, a goddeſs of the ſeas;
And with her ſiſter Nereids ſhall divide
The ſilver waves, and bound along the tide.
This ſaid; the lord of thunders ſeal'd the vow
By his dread brother's awful ſtreams below;
By the black whirlpools of the ſtygian flood;
Then gave the ſanction of th' imperial nod;
The heavens all ſhook, and fled before the god!

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate;
When the great mother of the thunderer came
To guard her ſacred veſſels from the flame.
Firſt from the glowing orient they deſcry
A blazing cloud, that ſtretch'd from ſky to ſky;
The golden ſplendors doubly gild the day,
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
At length, with wonder and religious fear,
A deep majeſtic voice the liſt'ning nations hear:
Forbear, forbear, ye ſons of Troy, nor lend
Your needleſs aid, our veſſels to defend.
The proud Rutulian ſhall with greater eaſe
Burn to their beds profound the watry ſeas;
Launch you, my ſhips; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!
Swift as the word, the ſacred ſhips obey,
From their looſe anchors break, and bound away,
Like ſportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wondrous!) riſe in female forms again.
So many nymphs launch ſwiftly from the ſhore,
As rode tall gallies in the port before.
The fierce Rutulians ſhook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Meſſapus trembled at the fight,
Nor could he rule his ſteeds, nor check their rapid flight.
Old murmuring Tyber ſhrunk with ſudden dread,
And to his ſource the hoary father fled.
All, but the valiant daunian heroe, ſhook,
Who rais'd their drooping ſouls, while thus he ſpoke:
Theſe omens threat our foes, (o glorious day!)
Lo! Jove has ſnatch'd their laſt relief away!
Lo! from our dreaded arms their ſhips retire,
And vaniſh ſwift before our vengeful fire;

To Troy, impriſon'd in yon' narrow coaſt,
The watry half of all the globe is loſt.
Their flight, the ſeas and hoſtile armies bar;
The land is ours; and Italy from far
Pours forth her ſons, by nations, to the war.
Her favouring oracles let Ilion boaſt;
On Turnus all thoſe empty vaunts are loſt.
To 'ſcape the ſeas, and reach the latian land,
Was all, their fates or Venus could demand.
My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine,
For my loſt ſpouſe, to cruſh the perjur'd line.
Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
The ſame the cauſe, and my revenge the ſame.
Will Troy then venture on a rape once more,
Who paid ſo dearly for the crime before?
Sure, they have long ago the thought declin'd,
Forſworn the ſex, and curſt the coſtly kind!
Fools! will they truſt yon' feeble wall and gate,
That ſlight partition betwixt them and fate,
Who not long ſince beheld their Troy renown'd,
Their god-built Troy, lie ſmoaking on the ground?
Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;
Seize, ſtorm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.
Nor want we, o'er theſe daſtards to prevail,
Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thouſand ſail,
Though, to ſupport their deſperate cauſe, ſhould join
Arcadia's ſons with all the tuſcan line:
Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The ſecret thefts or murders of the night,
A robb'd Palladium, and an ambuſh'd force
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monſtrous horſe.

A conqueſt in the dark my ſoul diſclaims;
No---let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon ſhall they find no argive hoſt appears,
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.
Now go, my valiant friends, and paſs away
In due repaſt the ſmall remains of day,
But riſe, riſe early with the dawning light,
Freſh from repoſe, and vigorous for the fight.
Meantime it falls to great Meſſapus' care,
The ramparts to ſurround with fire and war.
Twice ſeven rutulian leaders head the bands;
A hundred ſpears each valiant chief commands:
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay,
And crimſon creſts on every helmet play.
They watch, they reſt by turns; and, ſtretch'd ſupine
On the green carpet, quaff the generous wine.
The fires gleam round, and ſhoot a ruddy light;
In plays and pleaſures paſs'd the jovial night.
This ſcene the Trojans from their trenches view;
All ſeiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with ſpeed, and tower to tow'r.
Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain,
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſtus fire the train.
(If aught befell, to their experienc'd care
The prince had left the conduct of the war.)
Now all the ſoldiers to their poſts were flown,
And in their turns, ſucceſſive, guard the town.
The valiant Niſus took his lot to wait,
Before the portal, and defend the gate.
From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game:

With

With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms
Troy's braveſt youths, and far excell'd in charms;
So young, the ſpringing down but juſt began
To ſhade his blooming cheeks, and promiſe man.
Theſe boys in ſacred friendſhip were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, ſide by ſide;
In every danger, every glory ſhar'd;
And both alike were planted on the guard.

Has heaven (cry'd Niſus firſt,) this warmth beſtow'd?
Heaven? or a thought that prompts me like a god?
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my reſt?
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breaſt.
My glowing mind, what generous ardors raiſe,
And ſet my mounting ſpirits on a blaze!
See the looſe diſcipline of yonder train;
The lights, grown thin, ſcarce glimmer from the plain:
The guards in ſlumber and debauch are drown'd;
And mark!---a general ſilence reigns around.
Then take my thought; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wiſh, our leader to recall.
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim,
(For I cou'd reſt contented with the fame----)
An eaſy road, methinks, I can ſurvey
Beneath yon' ſummit to direct my way.

The brave Euryalus with martial pride,
Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd:

And will my Niſus then his friend diſclaim?
Deny'd his ſhare of danger and of fame?
And can thy dear Euryalus expoſe
Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes?
Not ſo my father taught his generous boy,
Born, train'd and ſeaſon'd in the wars of Troy.

And, where the great Æneas led the way,
I brav'd all dangers of the land and ſea.
Thou too canſt witneſs that my worth is try'd;
We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd ſide by ſide.
Like thine, this boſom glows with martial flame,
Burns with a ſcorn of life, and love of fame,
And thinks, if endleſs glory can be ſought
On ſuch low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
Let no ſuch jealous fears alarm thy breaſt,
Thy worth and valour ſtand to all confeſt,
But let the danger fall (he cries) on me:
For this exploit, I durſt not think on thee!
No:---as I hope the bleſt etherial train
May bring me glorious to thy arms again!
But ſhould the gods deny me to ſucceed,
Should I---(which heav'n avert!) but ſhould I bleed;
Live thou;---in death ſome pleaſure that will give;
Live for thy Niſus' ſake; I charge thee, live.---!
Thy blooming youth a longer term demands;---
Live, to redeem my corſe from hoſtile hands;
And decent to the ſilent grave commend
The poor remains of him who was thy friend:
Or raiſe at leaſt, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead.
Why ſhould I cauſe thy mother's ſoul to know
Such heart-felt pangs! unutterable woe?
Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and ſea!
She left Aceſtes' walls, and ſhe alone,
To follow thee, her only, darling ſon!
In vain, he cry'd, my courage you reſtrain;
My ſoul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.

Haſte---let us go---he ſaid---and rais'd the guard;
By turns their vacant poſts the centries ſhar'd.
With eager ſpeed the generous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.
In ſilence huſh'd the whole creation lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day.
Not ſo the chiefs of Ilion, who debate
In ſolemn council on th' endanger'd ſtate;
Propp'd on their ſpears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers ſtand,
And vote an inſtant meſſage may be ſent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent.
The friends now beg admiſſion of the court,
The buſineſs arduous, and of high import.
The prince commands them to inform the train;
And firſt bade Niſus ſpeak, who thus began:
Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers!
Our bold adventure by our tender years.
As yonder bands in ſleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a ſecret path have found,
Cloſe by the gate, that near the ocean lies;
Their fires are thinn'd, and clouds of ſmoke ariſe.
If you permit, ſince fair occaſion calls,
Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.
Soon ſhall our mighty chief appear again,
Adorn'd with ſpoils, and ſtriding o'er the ſlain,
Lord of the field; nor can we miſs the road,
But know the various windings of the flood;
For, as we hunt, we ſee the turrets riſe,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.
Then thus Alethes, an illuſtrious ſage,
Renown'd for wiſdom, and rever'd for age:

Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your powers divine
Will ſpare the relicks of the trojan line,
Since you the boſoms of our youths inſpire
With ſuch high courage, ſuch determin'd fire.
Then in his arms the boys by turns he took
With tears of joy; and, panting, thus beſpoke:
Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
What honours, equal to ſo great a deed?
The beſt and faireſt, all th' applauding ſky,
And your own conſcious virtue ſhall ſupply;
The next, our great Æneas will beſtow,
And young Aſcanius' riper years ſhall owe.
Whatever boon ſuch merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man will give.
And I, brave Niſus! cries the royal boy,
Swear by the ſacred guardian powers of Troy,
My hopes, my fortunes are repos'd in you;
Go then, your generous enterprize purſue.
Oh! to theſe longing eyes my ſire reſtore;
From that bleſt hour my ſorrows are no more.
Two ſilver bowls, whoſe ample margins ſhine,
All rais'd with coſtly ſculpture, ſhall be thine;
The ſame my conquering father brought away,
When low in duſt the fair Ariſba lay:
Two glittering tripods, beauteous to behold,
And two large talents of the pureſt gold:
With theſe a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
Beſtow'd in Carthage on my royal ſire.
And, when theſe vanquiſh'd kingdoms are our own,
When my great father mounts the latian throne;
When our victorious hoſts by lot ſhall ſhare
The rich rewards, and glorious ſpoils of war;

But

But late thou saw'ſt, when Turnus took the field,
His prancing courſer, helm and golden ſhield;
That courſer, ſhield and helm, of ſkill divine,
Exempt from lot, brave Niſus, ſhall be thine.
My ſire will give twelve captives with their arms;
Yet more---twelve females of diſtinguiſh'd charms;
And, to compleat the whole, the wide domain
Of the great latian lord, a boundleſs plain.
But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whoſe years but juſt advance before my own,
No fortune henceforth from my ſoul ſhall part,
Still at my ſide, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counſels, thoughts to ſhare;
My friend in peace, my brother in the war!
All, all my life, replies the youth, ſhall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlaſting fame.
Tho' fortune only our attempt can bleſs,
Yet ſtill my courage ſhall deſerve ſucceſs.
But one reward I aſk, before I go,
The greateſt I can aſk, or you beſtow.
My mother, tender, pious, fond and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
Such was her love, ſhe left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And ſuch is mine, that I muſt keep unknown
From her, the danger of ſo dear a ſon:
To ſpare her anguiſh, lo! I quit the place
Without one parting kiſs, one laſt embrace!
By night, and that reſpected hand I ſwear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childleſs, and relieve her, poor;

Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone,)
In you, a friend, a guardian and a ſon!
With that dear hope, emboldened ſhall I go,
Brave every danger, and defy the foe.
Charm'd with his virtue, all the trojan peers,
But more than all, Aſcanius melts in tears,
To ſee the ſorrows of a duteous ſon,
And filial love; a love ſo like his own.
I promiſe all, heroic youth! he ſaid,
That to ſuch matchleſs valour can be paid;
To me, thy mother ſtill ſhall be the ſame
Creüſa was, and only want the name.
Let fortune, good or ill ſucceſs, decree;
'Tis merit, ſure, to bear a ſon like thee!
Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpoſe to beſtow,
When ſafe return'd, on thee, the ſame ſhall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole ſurviving race.
So ſpoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his coſtly ſword:
The ſword with wond'rous art Lycaon made;
An ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the ſhining blade.
To Niſus, Mneſtheus gave a lion's hide;
And a new helm Alethes' care ſupply'd.
Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' aſſembly waits,
With high applauſe, their progreſs to the gates.
Mature in wiſdom, far above his years,
The fair Iülus in the train appears,
And ſends his father many an ardent prayer;
All loſt in wind, and ſcatter'd wide in air!
Now, favour'd by the ſhade, the warriors go,
Paſs the deep trenches, and invade the foe.

But,

But, ere their dangerous enterprize is o'er,
With what large ſlaughter ſhall they bathe the ſhore!
All drench'd in wine and ſleep, lie, ſtretch'd around,
The careleſs ſoldiers on the verdant ground,
Amidſt a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
And empty cars, incumbring all the plains.
Here lie the ſcatter'd arms; the goblets there;
A mad confuſion of debauch and war.
Now, now, cries Niſus firſt, thy courage call,
The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
Here lies our road; while I the paſſage find,
Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.
From ſide to ſide, whole ſquadrons will I ſlay,
Thro' death and horrors opening wide thy way.
With that, the youth in ſilence drew his ſword,
And ſtabb'd proud Rhamnes, a diſtinguiſh'd lord;
In every deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.
On the rich couch in ſlumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, ſlept the full debauch away.
The fate of others he had ſtill foreſhown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Then on the 'ſquire of Rhemus fierce he flew;
And, as they ſlept, his three attendants ſlew.
The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midſt the ſteeds, he ſlumber'd on the plain;
Laſt on their lord employ'd the deadly ſteel;
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.
The purple blood diſtains the couch around;
The weltering trunk lies beating on the ground.
Next Lamyrus and Lamus meet their doom:
Serranus laſt, in all his ſprightly bloom:

By

By the large draught o'erpower'd, outſtretch'd he lay,
Full half the night already ſpent in play;
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the day.
Thus o'er th' unguarded fence, by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours;
While wrapt in ſilence lies the fleecy brood,
The ſavage rages in a foam of blood.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly ſword; but nameleſs crouds deſtroy'd.
Hebeſus, Fadus, as they ſlept, he goar'd;
But wakeful Rhæſus ſaw the ſlaughtering ſword;
Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain;
For as the foe, detected, roſe again,
The furious youth, with all his force impreſt,
Plung'd the whole ſword, deep-buried in his breaſt.
With blended wine and blood, the ground was dy'd;
The purple ſoul came floating in the tide.
So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
And ſcatters death and ſlaughter as he goes.
Now when to brave Meſſapus' tents they came,
The fires juſt glimmer'd with a quivering flame.
The train lie ſcatter'd, while the ſteeds, unbound,
Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
Then Niſus warn'd him; for he ſaw the boy
Too fierce for blood, too eager to deſtroy.
Enough of death---our ſwords have hew'd the way---
We ſtand detected by the dawning day.
They part; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd,
Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.

But

But yet the fond Euryalus would ſtay,
Reſolv'd to ſeize one rich diſtinguiſh'd prey;
The ſhining trappings Rhamnes' courſers bore,
And the broad golden belt the monarch wore.
Of old, to Remulus was ſent the prize
By Cædicus, the pledge of ſocial ties;
Which with his grandſon at his death remain'd,
And laſt by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.
This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,
And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain!
Next with Meſſapus' helm, his brows he ſpread,
Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.
Then, fluſh'd with ſlaughter and the glorious prey,
They quit the camp, and ſeek a ſafer way.
Meantime, the daunian heroe to ſupport,
Advanc'd a legion from the latian court;
Three hundred horſe, while ſlow the foot ſucceed,
Fly ſwift before, with Volſcens at their head.
Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,
And, on the left, the hapleſs youths ſurvey.
Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd,
On which the moon in all her glory play'd.
'Tis not for nought, thoſe youths appear; declare
(Cries the ſtern general) who, and whence you are;
And whither bound; and wherefore arm'd for war?
Nought they reply, but took their ſudden flight
To the thick foreſts, and the ſhades of night.
But the fierce warriors ſpurr'd their ſteeds, and ſtood
All round, to guard the openings of the wood.
O'ergrown and wild, the darkſom foreſt lay,
And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way.

Hither,

Hither, incumber'd with his gaudy prize,
Diſtreſs'd Euryalus for ſhelter flies,
But miſs'd the turnings, in his wild ſurprize.
Not ſo, ſwift Niſus, who the foes declin'd,
Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind;
Beyond the once-fam'd alban fields he fled,
Where the fleet courſers of Latinus fed.
There ſtood the mournful youth; and, from the plain,
Caſt a long look, to find his friend, in vain!
Where is Euryalus, my only joy?
Where ſhall I find (he cry'd) the hapleſs boy?
Then he retrac'd his former ſteps, and trod,
Once more, the winding mazes of the wood.
The trampling ſteeds and warriors pour behind,
And the loud cries come thick in every wind.
Here, while he paus'd, a general ſhout he heard;
And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,
Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,
And pathleſs thickets intercept his flight.
With joyful clamours croud the gathering train
Around the captive, who reſiſts in vain.
What can his friend attempt, what means employ,
What arms, what ſuccours to redeem the boy?
Or thro' th' embattled ſquadrons ſhall he fly,
And, preſt by hoſtile numbers, nobly die?
Then on the moon he caſt a mournful look,
And in his hand the pointed javelin ſhook:
Great guardian goddeſs of the woods! (he cries,)
Pride of the ſtars, and empreſs of the ſkies!
If e'er with gifts my father hung thy ſhrine
For his dear ſon, and ſought thy power divine,

Or,

Or I increas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
And grac'd thy ſacred roof with ſavage ſpoils;
Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,
But, wing'd with death, diſperſe the hoſtile train.
This ſaid; with all his ſtrength the ſpear he threw;
Swift thro' the parting ſhade the weapon flew.
In Sulmo's back the point all-quivering ſtood,
And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay;
While in thick ſobs he gaſp'd his ſoul away.
The crouds gaze round; when lo! a ſecond flies,
Fierce as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies.
Thro' Tagus' temples, o'er the ſhrinking train,
It flew, and ſunk deep-buried in the brain.
Now, mad for vengeance, Volſcens ſtorm'd, nor found
The daring author of the diſtant wound;
But thy curſt blood ſhall pay for both, he ſaid;
Then ruſh'd impetuous with the flaming blade
Againſt the trembling boy---with wild affright,
All-pale, confus'd, diſtracted at the ſight,
From his cloſe covert Niſus ruſh'd in view,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew:
Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;
Here ſheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine.
By yon' bright ſtars, by each immortal god,
His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!
Nor could, nor durſt the boy the deed intend;
His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)
Was too much love to his unhappy friend!
In vain he ſpoke, for ah! the ſword, addreſt
With ruthleſs rage, had pierc'd his lovely breaſt.

With

With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,
And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.
As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;
Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain,
Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain;
So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies!

Now midst the foe, distracted Nisus flew;
Volscens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
The gathering train the furious youth surround;
Dart follows dart, and wound succeeds to wound;
All, all, unfelt; he seeks their guilty lord;
In fiery circles flies his thundering sword;
Nor ceas'd, but found at length the destin'd way;
And, buried in his mouth, the faulchion lay.
Thus, cover'd o'er with wounds on every side,
Brave Nisus slew the murtherer as he dy'd;
Then, on the dear Euryalus his breast,
Sunk down, and slumber'd in eternal rest.

Hail happy pair! if fame our verse can give,
From age to age, your memory shall live;
Long as th' imperial Capitol shall stand,
Or Rome's majestic lord the conquer'd world command!

The victors first divide the gaudy prey;
Then to the camp their breathless chief convey:
There too a scene of general grief appears;
There, crowds of slaughter'd princes claim their tears.
Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapless friends they found,
Some, pale in death, some gasping on the ground.
With copious slaughter all the field was dy'd,
And streams of gore run thick on every side.

All

All knew the belt and helm divinely-wrought;
But mourn the fatal prize, ſo dearly bought.
Now, dappled ſtreaks of light, Aurora ſhed,
And ruddy roſe from Tithon's ſaffron bed:
Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
Pour'd o'er the opening world a flood of day.
When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms;
Firſt arm'd, himſelf; then call'd the hoſt to arms.
The chiefs their ſoldiers to the field excite,
Inflame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
On pointed ſpears, a dreadful ſight! they bore
The heads of both the hapleſs youths, before;
With barbarous joy ſurvey the bloody prize,
And ſhout, and follow with triumphant cries.
The Trojans, on the left, ſuſtain the fight
From their high walls; the river guards the right.
They line the trenches, and the towers maintain;
Thick on the ramparts ſtand the penſive train,
And know the heads too well, tho' cover'd o'er
With ſanguine ſtains, and all-deform'd with gore.
Now to the mother's ears the news had fled,
Her ſon, her dear Euryalus was dead:
The vital warmth her trembling limbs forſook,
She dropp'd the ſhuttle, and with horror ſhook;
With hair diſhevell'd from the walls ſhe flies,
And rends the air with agonizing cries,
Breaks thro' the foremoſt troops in wild deſpair,
Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.
And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?
And couldſt thou fly, my child, to certain harms?
To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?

So fond a mother?---nor thy purpoſe tell?
Nor let me take my laſt, my ſad farewel?
A prey to dogs, alas! thy body lies,
And every fowl that wings the latian ſkies!
Nor did thy mother cloſe thy eyes in death,
Compoſe thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanſe the gore,
Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;
The work that charm'd the cares of age away,
My taſk all night, my labour all the day;
The robe I wove, (thy abſence to ſuſtain,)
For thee, my child;---but, wove, alas! in vain.
Where ſhall I find thee now? what land contains
Thy mangled members, and thy dear remains?
How on thy face theſe longing eyes I fed!
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?
Is that, the ſole ſad relick of my ſon?
That bloody ball!---No more!---ye foes of Troy,
Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch deſtroy;
Here, here, direct, in pity, every dart,
Plant every javelin in this breaking heart:
Or with thy bolts, o Jove! conclude my woe,
And plunge me flaming to the ſhades below.
Strike---and I'll bleſs the ſtroke, that ſets me free;
'Tis eaſe, 'tis mercy to a wretch like me!
Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear for tear.
Their courage ſlackens; and the frantic dame
With her wild anguiſh damps the martial flame.
But young Aſcanius, while his ſorrows flow,
And his full eyes indulge the guſh of woe,

With

With great Ilioneus, commands the train,
To bear the matron to her tent again.
  Now the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
With piercing clangors, animates the war.
The troops ruſh on; the deaf'ning clamours riſe,
And the long ſhouts run echoing round the ſkies.
Strait, in a * ſhell, their ſhields the Volſcians threw;
And the cloſe cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
To fill the trenches which the camp ſurround,
And tug th' aſpiring bulwarks to the ground.
Where thinly rang'd appear the opening pow'rs,
They fix their ſcaling engines in the tow'rs.
From far the Trojans miſſive weapons throw,
And with tough poles repell the riſing foe;
Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.
Long, with huge pointed ſtones, they ſtrove in vain,
To burſt the covering of the hoſtile train.
Yet ſtill the bands maintain the fight, below
The brazen concave, and defy the foe.
At length the Trojans, with a mighty ſhock,
Roll'd down a ponderous fragment of a rock;
Full where the thick-embodied ſquadron ſpreads,
Th' enormous maſs came thund'ring on their heads,
Broke thro' the ſhining arch, and cruſh'd the train;
And with a length of ſlaughter ſmoak'd the plain.
In this blind fight no more the foes engage,
But with their darts a diſtant combate wage.
  There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
And toſt within the works the dreadful flame;
Tremendous chief!---while bold Meſſapus calls
To ſcale the towers; and thunders at the walls.

* *Subter teſtudine.*

Ye ſacred nine, inſpire me to record
What numbers fell by Turnus' ſlaughtering ſword:
What foes each heroe plung'd to hell, declare,
Each death diſplay, and open all the war!
Thoſe mighty deeds which you alone can know,
Repeat, ye muſes! to the world below.
Full o'er the walls a turret roſe on high,
Stage above ſtage, unrivall'd, to the ſky.
This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
Point their full ſtrength, their whole collected war.
Vaſt fragments from above the Trojans throw,
And through the walls their javelins gaul the foe.
A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
Cloſe to the ſides the flaming miſchief hung;
Then, thundering thro' the planks, in fury grew,
Swell'd in the wind, and round the ſtructure flew.
With headlong ſpeed th' impriſon'd troops retire,
Throng'd in huge heaps, before the ſpreading fire.
While on one ſide their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burſt, the crackling walls give way,
The ponderous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the ſound.
With the proud ſtructure fall the trojan train,
Wrap'd in the ſmoaky ruins, to the plain.
Their ſouls cruſh'd out, the warriors bury'd lie;
Or on the points of their own lances die.
Sav'd from the general fate, but two remain,
And ah! thoſe hapleſs two were ſav'd in vain!
Unbleſt Helenor, moſt advanc'd in years,
At once encompaſt by the foe appears;
Him to the lydian king, his beauteous ſlave
Lycimnia bore; unfortunately brave.

Tho' born of ſervile blood, the generous boy
In arms forbidden fought the wars of Troy.
With glory fir'd he took the dangerous field;
Light was his ſword; and unadorn'd his ſhield.
At firſt with wild ſurprize the youth deſcry'd
The gathering Latian troops on every ſide;
Then, (bent on death) where thick the javelins rife,
Fierce on the cloſe embattled war he flies.
So the ſtern ſavage, whom the train ſurrounds
Of ſhouting hunters, ſteeds, and opening hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of ſpears.
But ſwifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way,
Tho' javelins hiſs, and ſwords around him play;
Flies to the walls and battlements again,
Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
For cloſe behind the furious Turnus flew;
Fool! couldſt thou hope to 'ſcape when I purſue,
Tho' ſwifter than the wind? (aloud he cries;)
Then by the foot he ſeiz'd his trembling prize;
And, as he hung aloft in dire diſmay,
Tugg'd him with half the ſhatter'd wall away.
So Jove's imperial bird, thro' fields of air,
Snatches the ſnowy ſwan or quivering hare:
So the grim prowling wolf, amidſt her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments her ſlaughter'd child in vain.
Now with loud ſhouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hoſtile fires their vengeful hands,
And at the turrets toſs the blazing brands.

As to the gates the bold Lucetius came,
Tower'd in the front, and ſhook the waving flame;
The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior ſlew.
Young Liger's certain ſpear, Emathion ſped;
Aſylas' ſhaft laid Chorinæus dead.
Ortygius bleeds by Ceneus' fatal ſteel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapleſs Idas, while he guards the walls.
Sagar, the next, with Promulus was ſlain;
And Capys ſtretch'd Privernus on the plain;
Firſt ſlightly wounded by Themilla's dart;
(The ſhield thrown by) to mitigate the ſmart
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd;
Swift flew the ſecond dart, and nail'd it to his ſide;
Its fatal courſe thro' all his vitals held;
And the pale corſe lay beating on the field.

All-bright in arms, the ſon of Arcens ſtood,
Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame,
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.
Mezentius mark'd him, as he tower'd on high;
Then ſeiz'd a ſling, and laid the javelin by;
Thrice whirl'd around, the whiſtling bullet threw;
The glowing metal melted as it flew;
Thro' both his temples cut its dreadful way;
And, roll'd in duſt, the beauteous warrior lay.

Then firſt in fight the young Aſcanius bore
His bow; employ'd on beaſts alone before.
His vengeful ſhafts a royal victim found,
And ſtretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.

Not

Not long before the haughty chief had led
Brave Turnus' ſiſter to his bridal bed:
Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
He ſtalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud:
What ſhame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vaniſh'd train,
To lie beleaguer'd in your walls again!
All pale and trembling, in yon' towers to wait!
That riſe, ye cowards, between you and fate!
Brave chiefs! bold heroes theſe!---who come ſo far
To gain their brides by violence and war!
From Troy what god, what madneſs call'd you o'er,
To fall and periſh on a foreign ſhore?
Far other foes than Atreus' ſons appear;
No crafty talking Ithacus is here.
We plunge our infants in the hardening ſtreams,
And ſeaſon in the froſt their tender limbs.
Our boys the foreſt range, and lead the courſe,
Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horſe.
Long thirſt, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
Plow, fight, or ſhake embattled towns with war.
We live in ſteel; in arms our hinds appear;
And the turn'd javelin goads the labouring ſteer.
Nor flags our generous warmth, by years declin'd;
Still flames the noble ardour of the mind.
Ev'n the grave ſire with martial vigour glows,
And cruſhes with the caſque his hoary brows.
All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,
Subſiſt on rapine, and divide the ſpoils.
While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy,
Your hours in pleaſures and the dance employ:
Warm purple robes defend (ye daſtard bands!)
Your heartleſs breaſts and unperforming hands.

Your female ſouls the manly form diſgrace—
Hence then, ye women, to your native place—
Hence—to your phrygian Dindymus away!—
With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
But leave to men the buſineſs of the war.

Thus while he ſpoke in ſcornful ſtrains, no more
The young Aſcanius the proud boaſter bore.
He fits an arrow to the well-ſtrung bow,
But firſt to Jove addreſs'd his ſolemn vow:
My bold attempt, almighty ſire, ſucceed;
A milk-white heifer at thy ſhrine ſhall bleed;
Majeſtic ſhall he ſtalk, and paw the ground;
Puſh with his gilded horns, and ſpurn the ſands around.

He ſaid—and, to the left, the ſire on high
Roll'd the big thunder thro' an azure ſky;
At once his twanging bow Aſcanius drew,
And, hiſſing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;
Nor flew the winged wrathful ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his head, and ſtung him to the brain:
Go—and once more a valiant race defy!
Thus the twice-vanquiſh'd Phrygians, thus reply!
No more he ſaid;—loud ſhouts and clamours riſe;
And tranſport lifts the Trojans to the ſkies.

High on a cloud, enthron'd in open air,
Apollo ſat, and thence ſurvey'd the war.
Then to the conquering royal boy he cries;
Riſe, glorious youth; in valour ever riſe;
Riſe thus in time to heaven's ſupreme abodes,
The ſon, and father of a race of gods!
Who, great in arms, victorious by their ſwords,
Shall rule mankind, the world's majeſtic lords!

Go---mount from fame to fame, auſpicious boy;
Proceed, and ſcorn the narrow bounds of Troy!
He ſaid; then down th' etherial road he flies
With rapid ſpeed, and cleaves the liquid ſkies;
Aſſumes old Butes' figure and attire,
Anchiſes' long-try'd friend and faithful ſquire
In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy
Had truſted to his care the royal boy.
Like this ſage guardian to the youth he came;
His voice, his viſage, and his arms the ſame.
Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;
Enough, young warrior---Let it now ſuffice,
That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:
Apollo, pleas'd thy firſt attempts to crown,
Gives to thy bow the glories of his own:
Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
Too daring youth---he ſaid; and paſt in air,
Paſt in a moment from his wondering eye;
And the looſe ſhape diſſolv'd into the ſky.
The ſounding ſhafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd
With the loud quiver; and confeſt the god;
Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
Since great Apollo's voice forbade the war.
While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die;
Stones, ſpears and javelins from the works they flung;
From tower to tower the ſhouts and clamours rung;
Helms claſh with helms, the rattling ſhields reſound,
Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground,
While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around:
Thick, as from weſtern clouds, all-charg'd with rain,
Pours the black ſtorm, and ſmoaks along the plain;

Thick as the gather'd hail, tempeſtuous, flies
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the ſkies,
When all the frowning heavens are blacken'd o'er;
When Jove diſcharges all his wrathful ſtore,
And, deep from every cloud, the burſting thunders roar!
Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal ſtood,
Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
From great Alcanor and Hiera ſprung,
The champion roſe, conſpicuous o'er the throng.
The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,
Tower'd like the groves and mountains whence they came.
Their prince, when parting from the tuſcan ſtate,
Appointed theſe, the guardians of the gate.
Proud of their ſtrength, the daring heroes throw
Th' enormous folds wide-open to the foe.
Within, all-bright in arms, on either hand
Before the towers the haughty warriors ſtand:
On their bright helms ſat Horror plum'd; on high
Their nodding creſts float dreadful in the ſky.
So where the fields fair * Atheſis divides,
Or Po tumultuous rolls his ſwelling tides,
With heads unſhorn, two mighty oaks appear,
Wave to the winds, and nod ſublime in air!
Soon as the foes an open entrance ſpy,
The war breaks in; but ſoon their leaders fly,
Repell'd by hoſts; or in the portal die.
Quercens, Equicolus all-bright in ſteel,
Hæmon and daring Tmarus fled, or fell.
To dire extreams the riſing rage proceeds,
The ſlaughter ſwells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
No more impriſon'd in their walls they wait;
All Troy at once came pouring to the gate:

* *The river Adige.*

Now

Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far
Rush the stern bands, and mix in closer war.
But in a distant quarter long engag'd,
Amidst the foes the daunian heroe rag'd.
When to the prince a messenger relates,
That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates;
And, heaps on heaps, the late-imprison'd train
Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the plain.
This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.
First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead,
Sarpedon's offspring by a theban bed;
The whizzing lance, with all his force address'd,
Transfixt the foe, and panted in his breast:
Warm'd in the lungs the heaving javelin stood;
Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood.
Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell;
Then sunk Aphydnus to the shades of hell.
Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies;
No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost,
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance were lost,)
A strong, vast, weighty spear, the heroe threw,
A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
Nor double ponderous plates, and scales of gold,
Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could stay,
But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay:
As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
So from the baian mole, whose structures rise
High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies;

The rapid rolling pile all-headlong ſweeps,
With one vaſt length of ruin to the deeps;
Thick boil the billows; and on every ſide,
Work the dark ſands, and blacken all the tide.
The trembling ſhores of Prochyta reſound,
And burning Arime ſhakes wide around,
(The maſs, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus ſpread;)
The giant hears the peal; and, ſeiz'd with dread,
Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed.

Now Mars himſelf inſpires the latian band,
Warms every heart, and ſtrengthens every hand;
And, while he turns their trembling foes to flight,
The kindling legions gather to the fight;
Danger nor death their furious courſe controuls,
And all the god came ruſhing on their ſouls!

His brother ſlain when Pandarus beheld,
And ſaw the changing fortune of the field,
He ſets his ample ſhoulders to the weight,
And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate;
But left, unmindful! as the folds he cloſ'd,
A crowd of friends to certain death expoſ'd;
And, with himſelf, includes the trembling train
Of troops, who ruſh'd tumultuous from the plain.
Fool! not to ſee the dreadful Turnus there,
Mix'd with the crowds amidſt the flying war;
But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
Like ſome fierce tiger midſt the trembling fold!
Loud claſh his arms; and, as he towers on high,
Flaſh the keen flames from his tremendous eye;
Nods his proud creſt, and formidably plays;
And from his ſhield the ſtreamy light'nings blaze.

Too ſoon, with dire ſurprize, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.

Strait fir'd with vengeance for his brother slain,
Springs forth fierce Mandarus, and thus began:

Behold the trojan camp, a fatal scene!
No bridal palace of the latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here descry,
But hostile walls; and 'tis in vain to fly.

In that vast bulk if any soul reside,
Come, try thy might, (the prince sedate reply'd;)
Go, and old Priam's trembling spirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy soul to hell.

Then, first, his knotted spear the trojan threw;
Rough with the bark the ponderous weapon flew;
But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fixt the quivering lance.

But hope not thou, to 'scape this sword of mine,
Aim'd by a surer, stronger hand than thine,
The horse cry'd—then flies against the foe
With the bright blade, and rises to the blow;
Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain
His cheeks, and sinks deep-buried in the brain.
Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound,
And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground:
There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,
In equal shares the parted visage hung.

Pale with new horror at the dreadful sight,
On every side the Trojans urge their flight.
Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
And call'd his social troops to storm the town,
That day had seen their warlike labours o'er;
And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows,
And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.

Firſt, valiant Phalaris; next Gyges fell;
Deep thro' his knee he drove the pointed ſteel.
Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
And in their backs tranſfix'd the flying crew.
New ſtrength, new courage, Juno ſtill ſupply'd,
And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd;
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fall;
With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
High on the works, engag'd in other fight——
Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right,
And ſtruck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
At one juſt ſtroke his head and helmet fly
Before the ſword, and far at diſtance lie.
Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
Whoſe fatal arrow pierc'd the ſavage game;
Who dipp'd th' envenom'd ſteel with matchleſs art,
And doubly arm'd with death the pointed dart.
Next Clytius fell, tho' ſprung of race divine;
Soft Creteus laſt, the darling of the nine;
Well was he ſkill'd, in ſacred ſtrains to ſing,
Tune the ſweet lyre, and ſweep the trembling ſtring;
Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite,
The plunging furious ſteeds, and thunder of the fight.

Now heard the chiefs, who led the trojan band,
What numbers fell by Turnus' conquering hand;
Fierce they advance; when ſoon appear in ſight
The ſlaughtering hero and their troops in flight.
And where? (great Mneſtheus rais'd his voice on high)
Where, to what other ramparts would you fly?
Shall one, and he incloſ'd within your wall,
One raſh, impriſon'd warrior, vanquiſh all?

With

With rage reſiſtleſs, half a hoſt deſtroy;
And open every bleeding vein of Troy?
Calm you look on, and ſee the furious foe
Plunge crowds of heroes to the ſhades below:
Still ſhall your king, ye baſe abandon'd train,
Your country, and your gods demand your aid in vain?
Rouz'd by theſe words, they rally from afar,
Breathing revenge, and gathering to the war;
The daunian chief ſhrinks backward from the foes,
Where round the works the mighty river flows:
The Trojans ſhout; and, with new tranſport fir'd,
Ruſh on embody'd as the prince retir'd.
As when with tilted ſpears the clamorous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
The lordly ſavage from the ſhouting foe
Retires, majeſtically fiern, and ſlow.
Tho' ſingly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repell, or ſtand their whole collected war;
Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;
Deſpairs to conquer; and diſdains to fly.
So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;
While ſhame, diſdain and rage the heroe fir'd.
Yet twice ev'n then he flew amid the train,
And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
But now from all the camp their forces ran
Full on the chief; an army on a man!
Nor longer heav'n's great empreſs from on high
Dares with new ſtrength th' exhauſted prince ſupply.
For winged Iris from the realms above
Brought the ſevere decree of angry Jove,
That bade, with threats, th' imperial queen recall
Her favour'd heroe from the trojan wall.

Now his tir'd arm refus'd the ſword to wield;
Now flew the darts, and planted all his ſhield.
The ſtones now rattle; now the javelins ſing,
Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
A thouſand weapons round his temples play,
And ſtrike the honours of his creſt away.
Thick and more thick the foes their lances ſped,
With mighty Mneſtheus thundering at their head.
Pale, breathleſs, faint, and black with duſt, in ſtreams
The ſweat deſcends from all his trembling limbs.
Arm'd as he was, (thus preſs'd on every ſide,)
He plung'd at laſt, undaunted, in the tide.
The ſacred river, for the welcome load,
Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood:
The heroe to his hoſt the ſurges bear,
Cleans'd from the horrid ſtains of ſlaughter, blood and war.

The End of the Ninth Book.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE TENTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas: Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

NOW wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove,
Th' etherial king convenes the powers above.
Beneath his eye, both hosts, in full survey,
The spacious world, and vast creation day;
There in the starry courts, enthron'd on high,
Sate the majestic senate of the sky.
Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes;
To whom the king of men, and father of the gods:
What discord fires your minds, celestial train!
Why was our sacred mandate urg'd in vain?
Did not your sovereign lord his will declare,
That Troy and Latium should not wage the war?
Why are we disobey'd? What vain alarms
Inflame their souls to slaughter, blood and arms?
The destin'd time will wing its fatal way,
(Nor need your rage anticipate the day)

When Carthage with her proud victorious pow'rs,
Shall burſt, like thunder, o'er the roman tow'rs,
Break the ſtrong Alpine adamantine chains,
Pour down the hills and deluge all the plains.
Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
And ſtern revenge may cruſh the trojan ſtate.
Till then, ye powers, from wrath and diſcord ceaſe,
And let the nations join In leagues of peace.

Thus, from the throne, in ſhort, almighty Jove;
And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:
O ſire of men below, and gods on high!
(For to what other power can Venus fly?)
Doſt thou not ſee yon' fierce rutulian train!
With what ſucceſs proud Turnus ſweeps the plain:
Rapt by his ſteeds, triumphant on his car,
The dreadful heroe rules the ſtream of war!
Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate;
For lo! grim ſlaughter rages in the gate!
With hoſtile bands the walls are cover'd o'er,
And the deep trenches float with tides of gore!
My ſon is abſent, while his ſubjects bleed;
But muſt we never from a ſiege be freed?
For lo, great ſire! a ſecond army falls
On riſing Troy, and thunders at her walls.
In latian fields againſt the dardan train,
Behold the ſtern Tydides riſe again!
Sprung tho' I am from thee, prepar'd I ſtand
To bleed once more---and by a mortal hand!
Yet, if againſt thy will, the phrygian hoſt
Have left their Troy, and ſought the latian coaſt,
Withdraw thy potent aid, o ſovereign god!
And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood!

But ſince ſo many ſigns their courſe compell,
The voice of heaven, and oracles of hell;
Why dares another power thy will debate,
Or thwart th' unalterable courſe of fate?
Her boundleſs vengeance why ſhould I repeat?
How on ſicilian ſhores ſhe fir'd the fleet?
How ſhe diſpatch'd to yonder world below,
With that dire charge, the goddeſs of the bow?
How the grim tyrant of th' æolian reign
Let looſe th' impriſon'd whirlwinds o'er the main!
Hell and th' infernal powers were yet untry'd;
All hell now arms, and riſes on her ſide.
The fiends, the furies range the realms above,
And act well-worthy of the queen of Jove!
Thro' all the latian towns Alecto flies,
And her black viſage blaſts the golden ſkies!
No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ;
(Theſe were my hopes, when fortune ſmil'd on Troy.)
Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
And fall, or conquer, as thy will ordains;
Since to the phrygian race your haughty ſpouſe,
No ſpot, no corner of the world allows;
Yet I implore thy grace, almighty ſire,
By ruin'd Troy, yet ſmoking from the fire!
Give me, at leaſt, the royal youth to bear,
(My dear Aſcanius) from the rage of war!
(And let the father, where your vengeful bride
Or fortune points, ſtill wander o'er the tide!)
Th' idalian realm and Amathus are mine;
Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine;
There he may live, defended from the foes,
Loſt to the charms of fame, in ſoft repoſe.

Then

Then to Auſonia let proud Carthage come,
And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
O'er the wide world extend her boundleſs pow'r;
Our hopes, and Jove's own promiſes no more!
What now avails it, that my godlike heir
Broke thro' the hoſtile fires, and ſcap'd the war;
Led my poor exiles to the latian plain,
And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
What has it now avail'd him, to withſtand
Th' exhauſted ſtorms of ocean and the land?
His lot were happier, had he ſcorn'd a crown,
And ſlumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
Oh! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
Give them their Simois, with their wars again!
Let Greece in arms her vengeful hoſts employ
Ten long years more, and ſtorm a ſecond Troy!
To whom, with fury ſparkling in her eyes,
Reply'd the haughty empreſs of the ſkies:
And why, ſay, why, o goddeſs! am I preſt
To wake the wrath, that ſlumber'd in my breaſt.
What god, or mortal, bade your ſon declare
Againſt the latian lord, ſo raſh a war?
Suppoſe, fate call'd him to the latian plains,
Or (far more likely,) mad Caſſandra's ſtrains!
Say, did we bid him leave his town behind,
And truſt the mercy of the ſea and wind?
Commit the war, and his forſaken Troy
To ſuch a head, an unexperienc'd boy?
To court the Tuſcans, and with vain alarms
To rouze whole nations from repoſe to arms?
What god, or what perverſe intent of our's
Mov'd the wiſe prince to leave his riſing tow'rs?

Say,

Say, does the goddess of the bow appear,
Or the keen spite of vengeful Juno here?
'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians should conspire
To wrap th' unfinish'd walls of Troy in fire;
That Turnus lives, and holds his native place;
(And yet he sprung from our immortal race!)
Was it less hard, that Troy embattled came,
To waste the latian lands with sword and flame?
O'er foreign realms to propagate her sway,
Join fraud to force, and bear their spoils away?
From their own lords the plighted brides to tear?
To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war?
You, from the foe, your darling son could shroud,
And, for a man, present a figur'd cloud.
You from your navy could the fires restrain,
And change your ships to Nereids of the main.
Yet in her friends defende is Juno seen?
'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen!
Your son, belike, is absent, while the foe
Invades his towers;---and let him still be so!---
Cythera's isle and Amathus are yours;
The paphian realms, and soft idalian shores.
Why shouldst thou then to fights a race incline,
Long since inur'd to rougher wars than thine?
Did we conspire your empire to destroy?
Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy?
We?---or your Paris? your adulterous boy?
Who did that black destructive crime inspire?
Who fann'd the flame, that set two worlds on fire?
Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey?

Did

Did we procure? did we detain the fair?
And, for his luft, ſupport a ten years war?
Then, partial goddeſs, then had been your time,
To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime;
But now, too late, unjuſtly you complain,
Now vent your anger, and your grief in vain.
Thus ſpoke the wrathful queen; the gods divide,
And in mixt murmurs vote on either ſide.
So, pent in woods, at firſt with ſullen ſound
The wind, low-murmuring, rolls, the foreſt round;
A dreadful ſignal to the naval train,
Of the loud ſtorms impending o'er the main.
Then ſpoke th' almighty father, as he ſate
Enthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
(Th' attentive winds a ſolemn ſilence keep;
The wondering waves lie level on the deep;
Earth to her center ſhook; high heaven was aw'd;
And all th' immortal thrones ſtood trembling at the god!)
Hear then our ſacred will, ye powers above;
And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
Since you refuſe to bid your diſcord ceaſe,
And join the nations in the bonds of peace;
Whatever ſchemes or hopes the parties frame,
Latium and Troy to Jove are both the ſame;
Whether in yon' fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
That hapleſs Ilion, or Heſperia bleed.
The ſtern Rutulians too their toils ſhall know,
And every hand ſhall work its weal or woe.
Your king, inclin'd to neither ſide, ſhall wait
The great event, and leave the whole to fate.
This by his brother's awful floods he ſwore,
That thro' the black infernal regions roar,

Gave

Gave the dread ſignal of the ſolemn nod,
With his bent brows; the ſanction of the god!
From ſky to ſky the ſtrong concuſſion rolls;
And all Olympus trembled to the poles.
Thus did the ſire the high contention cloſe,
Then from the throne majeſtically roſe;
With him at once the ſacred ſenate riſe,
And to his palace wait the ſovereign of the ſkies.
Meanwhile, at every gate, the latian pow'rs
Crowd to deſtroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs.
By hoſts ſurrounded, in deſpair to fly,
Cloſe in their trench, the helpleſs Trojans lie.
Yet ſome undaunted on the ramparts ſtand,
And guard the works; a brave, but ſlender band.
There, ſprung from Imbraſus, bold Aſius ſhone;
Thymætes next, fam'd Hicetaon's ſon.
The dread Aſſarici their ſuccour bring;
With them, two brothers of the lycian king.
Tybris and Caſtor next, a martial pair,
Full in the front repell the riſing war.
Theſe Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrneſſus' ſhore;
With all his ſtrength a broken rock he bore:
He match'd his brother Mneſtheus' wondrous might,
And his great father Clytius in the fight.
Some, ponderous ſtones, ſome, pointed javelins aim,
And gaul the foe with ſhafts, or miſſive flame.
Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,
Aſcanius ſhone; his beauteous head was bare;
A golden chain conſtrains his locks, that deck,
In gloſſy ſable curls, his lovely neck.
So ſhines a gemm, illuſtrious to behold,
On ſome fair virgin's neck, enchas'd in gold:

So the surrounding ebon's darker hue
Improves the polish'd ivory to the view.
Thee too, stern Ismarus, o chief divine!
A great descendant of the lydian line,
(Born where the peasants turn the costly mould,
Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold;)
The hosts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging bow
Discharg'd thy poison'd arrows at the foe.
Brave Capys next succeeds, a chief of fame;
(From whom proud Capua since deriv'd her name.)
Great Mnestheus clos'd the band, of high renown,
Since late he cast bold Turnus from the town.
These all the rigid toils of fight sustain;
Meantime, by night, their general plows the main.
For when the prince had left th' arcadian coast,
And sought the leader of the lydian host,
With pray'rs declar'd his business, race and name,
And with what force their vengeful tyrant came;
How the Rutulian rag'd; what turns of fate
And chance of war attend the mortal state;
Strait with the league propos'd the chief complies,
And joins his forces to his new allies.
Now, uncontroll'd by fate, the martial train,
Led by a foreign heroe, cleave the main.
In pomp, before, Æneas' gally past;
His lofty stem the phrygian lions grac'd;
There, banish'd Troy's delight, her sculptur'd Ide
Hangs o'er the foamy surge, and shades the tide.
Here sate the chief with various thoughts oppress,
The fate of war revolving in his breast;
Close by his side th' arcadian prince enquires
Of the swift motions of the heavenly fires;

What

What ſeas he meaſur'd; and what lands he ſought;
What ſtorms he ſuffer'd, and what fields he fought.
Ye Muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring,
Inſpire the bard, and teach him how to ſing,
What ſhips, what heroes, what auxiliar hoſts
Sail'd with Æneas from the tuſcan coaſts.
The Tiger firſt the foamy flood divides,
And bears a thouſand warriors thro' the tides,
Who came beneath great Maſſicus' command,
From Coſa's turrets and the cluſian land.
Cloſe to their ſides their poliſh'd quivers ſate;
Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd with fate.
Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
From Populonia to the field of war.
Rich in her endleſs beds of ſteely ore,
The rugged Ilva ſends three hundred more;
All train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;
And, on the ſtern, Apollo flam'd in gold.
With groves of waving ſpears, in thick array,
From Piſa's walls a thouſand took their way;
They march embattled from the tuſcan land,
And great Aſylas leads the martial band;
Aſylas, ſkilful ſage! whoſe piercing eyes
Diſcern'd all ſigns on earth, or in the ſkies.
His art from entrails certain omens drew,
From ſtars, and birds, and light'nings as they flew.
Next beauteous Aſtur plow'd the watry field,
Proud of his bounding ſteed and ſculptur'd ſhield,
From where old Pyrgus' lofty turrets riſe,
And rank graviſcan marſhes taint the ſkies,
Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign,
And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain,

Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.
Nor thou unſung, brave Cinyras, ſhalt paſs,
The martial chief of the Ligurian race;
Nor thou, Cupavo, under whoſe command,
Advanc'd to fight a ſmall, but valiant band.
White plumes adorn thy creſt, and wave above,
Expreſſive of thy * fire, transform'd by love.
While for his Phaeton his ſorrows flow,
And ſoft harmonious ſtrains beguile his woe;
While in the duſky poplar grove he made
His melting moans, beneath the ſiſters ſhade,
O'er all the man the ſnowy feathers riſe,
And in a tuneful ſwan he mounts the ſkies.
Now his great offſpring, with his ſocial train,
In the huge Centaur plow'd the roaring main.
High on the prow the figur'd monſter ſtood,
And ſhook a rocky fragment o'er the flood.
The ſounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd,
That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.
Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
From preſcient Manto and great Tyber ſprung;
By him, fair Mantua roſe; immortal town!
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own.
Her mighty walls, illuſtrious founders grace,
Of different countries, and a different race.
Three tribes diſtinct poſſeſs her fertile lands,
And four fair cities every tribe commands.
Proud of her tuſcan line, with glory crown'd,
She reigns the miſtreſs of the nations round.
Next generous hate to ſtern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's ſacred cauſe.

* *Cycnus.* Where

Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his courſe,
From old Benacus' venerable ſource,
In one vaſt ſhip he pours the warlike train,
Down thro' his native channel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours thro' the tides.
A hundred pines the boiling ocean ſweep,
Plough the white waves, and laſh the bellowing deep.
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,
With his loud trump alarms the ſea below.
Down to his waiſt the human form deſcends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monſter ends.
Swift as he ſwims, the waters fly before;
And, daſh'd beneath the god, the frothy ſurges roar.
So many chiefs in thirty veſſels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the ſparkling tide.
Now radiant Cynthia, thro' th' etherial height,
Rode in the ſolemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the ſtern, the helm Æneas plies;
No creeping ſlumber ſeals his careful eyes.
Amid the ſeas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ſhips transform'd to Nereids of the main;
As many goddeſſes, as ſtood before,
With brazen beaks, tall veſſels on the ſhore.
They know the chief from far, and in a ring
The dancing nymphs incloſe their wond'ring king.
The firſt *, whoſe eloquence excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breaſt;
Held with one hand the ſtern, while one divides,
With many an eaſy ſtroke, the ſilent tides:
And doſt thou wake, great off'ſpring of the ſkies?
Wake ſtill, and open every ſail, (ſhe cries;)

* *Cymodocea.*

Thy

Thy ſhips are we, that once on Ida ſtood,
Now chang'd by heaven to Nereids of the flood.
When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
With the dread ſword and the devouring flame,
We burſt our anchors, by the foe compell'd,
And ſought our maſter o'er the watry field.
Theſe forms the mother of the ſkies beſtow'd,
And made each ſhip a goddeſs of the flood;
Low in the ſacred ſeas our court we keep,
And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep.
Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
Midſt all the terrors of the latian war.
The brave arcadian horſe, and tuſcan hoſt
Have reach'd the land, and ſeiz'd th' appointed poſt.
The daunian chief has ſent a ſquadron down
To ſtop their deſtin'd progreſs to the town.
Riſe, heroe! riſe; and, with the dawning light,
Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.
With thy vulcanian orb invade the field,
That golden, bright, impenetrable ſhield.
The morning ſun (nor think my promiſe vain!)
Shall ſee vaſt heaps of fierce Rutulians ſlain.
This ſaid; the goddeſs (for ſhe knew the way,)
Puſh'd the light veſſel o'er the glaſſy ſea.
Swift as a javelin, or a ſtorm ſhe flew;
And, wing'd with rival ſpeed, her courſe the reſt purſue.
While at the ſight the heroe ſtood amaz'd,
The proſperous ſign his bounding ſpirits rais'd.
Then, as he fixt on heav'n his joyful eyes,
To potent Cybelé the warrior cries:
Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majeſtic mother of the gods!

Whoſe

Whose strong defence proud tow'ring cities share,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car.
Oh! kindly second this auspicious fight,
And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.
Inspir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My bosom kindles, and my soul's on fire!
He said; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the shades away;
When first the heroe bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war;
Rouze for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardor, to provoke the fight.
As on his stern the godlike warrior stands,
And views distinct his camp and social bands;
High in his hand the golden shield he rais'd:
Wide o'er the flood the strong effulgence blaz'd.
Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans spy
The shining orb; their darts and javelins fly;
And their loud clamours tempest all the sky.
Less loud the thick-imbody'd cranes repair,
In ranks embattled, thro' the clouds of air;
When, at the signal given, they leave behind,
With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind.
Amaz'd stood Turnus, and their latian foes,
Nor knew from whence the sudden transport rose,
Till all th' advancing navy they survey,
A floating scene, that cover'd half the sea.
From great Æneas' crest the light'nings stream,
And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam;
A length of flames the mighty shield displays,
Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundless blaze.

So

So the dire comet, with portentous light
And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night:
So the red dog-ſtar, when he mounts on high,
And with his fatal ſplendor fires the ſky,
Scares the pale nations, for his burning breath,
Darts down diſeaſe, blue peſtilence, and death.
But ſtill, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train,
To ſeize the ſhore, and drive them to the main.
Lo! what you long have wiſh'd, to prove your might,
The hour!--the place!--the foe!--the promis'd fight!--
Your wives, your ſons, your country calls you on,
Your great forefathers glories and your own.
Now while with ſliddering ſteps to gain the land,
The Trojans toil; deſcend we to the ſtrand;
Soon as on yonder ſhore our bands appear,
One noble ſtroke, my friends, ſhall end the war;
The brave command ſucceſs;---the heroe ſaid;
Then with himſelf for one cool moment weigh'd,
To the bold taſk what choſen troops to call,
And to what bands entruſt the leaguer'd wall.
Meantime the heroe lands his warlike train;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main;
Then vault, and ſeize the half-recover'd ſhores;
Some ſlide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.
A place at length the daring Tarchon ſpy'd,
Where in ſmooth ſwellings roll'd an eaſy tide:
There, as no waters break, no billows roar,
He fears no ſhoals, but hopes a friendly ſhore.
Thither his veſſels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew:
Now, now, my friends, exert your utmoſt force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious courſe.

Puſh,

Puſh, heave your deſperate gallies to the ſtrand;
Plow with your beaks and keels the hoſtile land.
My ſole ambition is to gain the coaſt:
And then---no matter---let the ſhip be loſt.
So ſpoke th' impatient chief; and, as he ſpoke,
They ply their oars, and riſe to every ſtroke.
Full on the land the ruſhing veſſels bore,
Till with their prows they cleave the ſandy ſhore.
Safe to the ſhelving beach the gallies run;
All 'ſcap'd the ſhock, brave Tarchon, but thy own.
Thy own amid the ſhallows ruſh'd, and there
Daſh'd on the rock, and ſloping hung in air:
Preſt by a war of waves, her ſhatter'd ſides
Burſt, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
They ſwim, incumber'd with their broken oars,
The floods ſupplant their feet, and bear them from the ſhores.
Meantime againſt the Trojans, on the coaſt,
Brave Turnus led his cloſe-embattled hoſt.
The ſprightly trumpets ſound with martial ſtrains,
When great Æneas charg'd the latian ſwains;
The valiant Theron flew, with matchleſs might,
The firſt auſpicious omen of the fight;
A giant chief; his furious courſe he held
Againſt the prince, the foremoſt of the field.
Fierce thro' his ſhield and mail, (an opening wide!)
Flew the ſwift ſword, and pierc'd the warrior's ſide.
Then Lycas bled, and ſtain'd the thirſty ſhore,
To Phœbus ſacred from his natal hour;
Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'ſcap'd the ſteel;
The man unhappy! by the faulchion fell!
Gyas and Ciſſeus next the heroe ſlew,
As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.

Vain was their ſtrength, their bulk, their martial fire,
Vain their herculean arms, and boaſted ſire,
Alcides' friend; whoſe glorious ſteps he trod,
While earth ſupply'd new monſters for the god.
As, loudly-vaunting, haughty Pharos ſtood,
Fixt in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawleſs joy,
Fair Clytius courted and careſs'd the boy,
With all his force the mighty heroe drove,
And ſoon had finiſh'd his prepoſterous love;
Soon had the youth, expiring on the ſhore,
Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
But Phorcus' ſons, ſeven valiant warriors, flew,
And all at once their vengeful javelins threw;
Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
Thus preſs'd, thus compaſs'd round on every ſide,
The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd;
Bring, bring thoſe darts, (not one ſhall fly in vain)
That pierc'd the Grecians on the trojan plain.
Then a long lance with all his might he caſt;
Thro' Mæon's ſhield the furious weapon paſs'd;
Thro' the ſtrong cuiraſs pierc'd the hiſſing dart,
Transfixt his breaſt, and quiver'd in his heart.
The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
To raiſe his groveling brother from the ſand,
But, wing'd with death, a ſecond javelin flies,
Swift as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies;
Thro' his extended arm the ſpear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corſe, and at the victor threw;

The

The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by,
But ſlightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.

Next Clauſus, flush'd with youthful ſtrength and grace,
(Clauſus, the leader of the ſabine race)
Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And launch'd his pointed ſpear aloft in air,
Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of death
Suppreſs'd the voice, and ſtopp'd the vital breath.
Headlong he falls; he grovels on the ſhore,
And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.
Still ruſhing on, the chief the ſlaughter ſpread;
By various deaths three ſons of Boreas bled.
As many more, poor hapleſs youths! expire,
Their country Thrace, and Idas was their ſire!
Againſt the prince his bands Haleſus leads,
And fierce Meſſapus lash'd his fiery ſteeds.
In furious conflict mix'd, both armies ſtand
On the firſt verge, and margin of the land;
They meet, they fight; but neither gain, nor yield;
And level hung the balance of the field.
As when the winds from different quarters riſe,
Pour to the charge, and combate in the ſkies,
In due ſuſpenſe the ſtruggling tempeſts keep
The balanc'd clouds, and poiſe the rolling deep.
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
And undecided hangs th' aërial fight.
So join both armies in the dubious fray;
Theſe ſcorn to yield, nor thoſe can win the day;
All, man to man, exert the martial fire;
All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire!

But, in a different quarter, where the floods
Had ſpread the ground with ſhatter'd rocks and woods,

Th' arcadian ſquadrons from their ſteeds alight,
And wage on foot an unaccuſtom'd fight.
Now to an open rout their ranks inclin'd,
And cloſe their foes came thundering from behind.
This ſaw their chief, brave Pallas, with deſpair;
He ſaw, and ſtrove to ſtop the flying war;
And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
With prayers he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd:
Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight?
By your paſt deeds! by every former fight!
By all your triumphs! by your ſovereign's name!
By my own hopes to match my father's fame!
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your way
Thro' yon' black body, and that thick array!
Here, here, your country calls you all, to ſhare
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Ruſh to the fight; no gods our arms oppoſe;
Men, like ourſelves, and mortal are our foes.
In us an equal ſtrength, and ſoul appears,
Our hands and ſpirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands impriſon'd keep!
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep!
Back on the ſeas, ye daſtards, would ye fall?
Or hide your ſhameful heads in yon' beleaguer'd wall?
He ſaid; and, ruſhing on the hoſtile bands,
Firſt in his way ill-fated Lagus ſtands;
Low as he ſtoop'd, a mighty ſtone to rear,
Full in the reins, deſcends the pointed ſpear;
Then, as he diſengag'd the dart with pain,
Fir'd at the ſight, bold Hiſbond ruſh'd in vain
Againſt the prince; the prince his boſom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring ſword:

Next

Next lewd Anchemolus his faulchion ſped,
Who dar'd to ſtain his ſtepdame's ſacred bed.
You too, ye daucian twins, unhappy pair!
Laris and Thymber! periſh'd in the war:
So like your features, that your parents look
On either face, but each for each miſtook.
Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child,
And fondly in the dear deluſion ſmil'd.
Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice diſtinction by a different fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the ſword;
Thy hand, poor Laris, ſought its abſent lord;
The dying fingers quivering on the plain,
With ſtarts convulſive graſp the ſteel in vain!
Th' arcadian ſquadrons, by their prince inſpir'd,
Rouz'd by his words, by his example fir'd,
Diſdain to fly, and arms to arms oppoſe;
Grief, ſhame, and fury drive them on the foes.
From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
Pale Rhæteus ſhoots impetuous thro' the war;
While Pallas his ſwift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapleſs warrior as he flew.
The winged death the hapleſs warrior ſtay'd,
And for a ſpace, poor Ilus' fate delay'd;
He tumbles from the car, diſtain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
As, when the ſummer glows with fervid rays,
The ſhepherd ſets the foreſt in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conſpire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire;
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields, and thunders to the ſkies:

On ſome ſteep mountains ſits the joyful ſwain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.
So pleas'd, brave Pallas ſees th' arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, ſweep along the ſhores.

Haleſus flew to meet the conquering foe;
Sheath'd in bright arms, he roſe to every blow.
Firſt Ladon ſunk beneath his pointed ſteel;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To ſeize his throat; the faulchion lops his hand:
Hurl'd from his arm, a ſtone deſcended full
On Thoas' head, and cruſh'd the batter'd ſkull.
His old prophetic fire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Haleſus from the war.
But when in death he cloſ'd his aged eyes,
The fatal ſiſters claim'd their deſtin'd prize.
Now ſtood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim ſacred to th' evandrian ſpear.
His javelin Pallas at the victor throws,
But firſt the youth prefers his ardent vows:
O father Tyber! give my winged dart,
To fly direct thro' proud Haleſus' heart!
His arms and ſpoils thy ſacred oak ſhall bear;
So pray'd the youth; the god allows his pray'r.
Haleſus ſhields Imaon from the foe,
But leaves his breaſt all-naked to the blow.
He fell; his fall alarm'd the latian hoſt;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty heroe loſt.
But ſoon brave Lauſus rais'd them from deſpair;
Lauſus, who ſhone conſpicuous in the war.
Stern Abas firſt he ſlew, of matchleſs might,
Who ſtood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.

Now bled the tuſcan, now th' arcadian train,
And Troy's bold ſons, who 'ſcap'd the Greeks in vain.
Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came;
Their chiefs, their numbers, and their ſtrength the ſame.
The rear cloſe-preſſing to the dire alarms,
Th' incumber'd troops ſcarce wield their uſeleſs arms.
Here Pallas fires his train, and Lauſus there;
In all their charms the blooming youth appear.
Poor, hapleſs youths! alas! your native plain
Muſt never, never bleſs your eyes again!
In vain would you engage! for Jove withſtands;
Both, both muſt fall; but fall by greater hands!
Now Turnus to the aid of Lauſus came,
Warn'd by his ſiſter *, the celeſtial dame;
Thro' cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
With furious ſpeed, and thunders thro' the war.
Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due, he cries;
For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize.
To me, to me alone, belongs the fight:
Oh! could his ſire be witneſs to the fight!
He ſaid; and, at the word, th' obedient train
At once retir'd, and left an open plain.
The youth with wonder ſaw the parting band,
Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command.
With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
Around his manly limbs, and ample ſize;
And to his haughty foe, in ſhort, replies:
Now, by thy royal ſpoils I will acquire
Immortal fame; or glorioufly expire!
Then vaunt no more; for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight, impartial, from above.

* *Juturna.*

This ſaid; amid the field the heroe ſtrode;
All-chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians ſtood.
The daunian chief ſprung dreadful from the car,
And ruſh'd on foot, impetuous, to the war;
Ruſh'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On ſome ſtern bull, that meditates the fight.
But ſoon as Pallas ſaw the prince appear
Within due diſtance of the flying ſpear,
Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the ſkies:
O great Alcides! by my father's feaſt,
Thyſelf vouchſaf'd to grace, a glorious gueſt;
Aſſiſt his ſon, and crown his bold deſign;
Let Turnus fall, and own the conqueſt mine;
And, while the victor ſpoils the bloody prize,
View the proud trophy with his cloſing eyes.
His ardent prayer, with grief Alcides hears,
And pours a flood of unavailing tears:
While in his breaſt he check'd the riſing groan,
Th' all-gracious father ſooth'd his ſorrowing ſon:
To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;
Life is but ſhort, and circumſcrib'd by fate!
'Tis virtue's work, by fame to ſtretch the ſpan,
Whoſe ſcanty limit bounds the days of man.
How many ſons of gods were doom'd to fall,
Great as they were! beneath the trojan wall?
Great as he was! among the mighty dead,
Ev'n my own ſon, the brave Sarpedon bled!
Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end!---
This ſaid; th' almighty ſovereign of the ſkies,
Turns from the ſcene of blood, his ſacred eyes.

Now

Now with full force his javelin Pallas threw,
And from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew.
The whizzing ſpear, with erring courſe impell'd,
Flew thro' the ringing margin of the ſhield,
And, glancing, raz'd the ſhoulder of the foe.---
Then Turnus ſhook the lance, prepar'd to throw;
He ſhook the lance; and ſee, he try'd, if mine
Reach not the mark; a ſurer dart than thine!
He ſaid, and threw; the ſpear with forceful ſway
Broke, thro' the ſolid ſhield, its deſtin'd way;
Thro' every ſteely plate, and brazen fold,
Thro' thick bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Thro' the ſtrong cuiraſs flew the furious dart,
Transfix'd his breaſt, and panted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore,
The purple ſoul came floating with the gore,
Down ſunk the youth; his ratt'ling arms reſound;
He ſpurns, and grinds in blood the hoſtile ground.
Then, as he ſtrode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' arcadian train the victor ſaid:
Go!---be this meſſage to your maſter known;
Such as the ſire deſerv'd, I ſend the ſon;
Unbrib'd, unſought, his relicks I beſtow,
If funeral honours can relieve his woe.
Dear for the Trojan's friendſhip has he paid!---
Then, with his foot he preſt the proſtrate dead;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey,
And from his boſom rent the prize away.
In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmoſt art Eurytion had diſplay'd.
Here, thick emboſs'd, the fifty daughters ſhed
Their conſorts blood, and ſtain'd the bridal bed;

The rais'd bold figures, all divinely bright,
Came out, and ſtood projecting to the ſight.
This ſpoil, proud Turnus with triumphant eyes
Surveys, and glories in the coſtly prize.
But man, too haughty in a proſperous ſtate,
Grows blind, and heedleſs of his future fate!
The time ſhall come, when Turnus in diſmay,
Shall mourn theſe ſpoils, and this victorious day;
Shall wiſh, too late! the golden belt unſought,
And curſe the trophies he ſo dearly bought!
With groans and tears th' Arcadians, on a ſhield,
Bear back their breathleſs leader from the field.
Thus to thy father's arms doſt thou retire,
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy ſire!
O early loſt! with ſtrength and beauty grac'd!
This thy firſt day of warfare was thy laſt!
Yet didſt thou ſcatter death thro' half a hoſt;
And, ere thy own, a thouſand lives were loſt!
Now by ſpectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief theſe mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger growes,
Who claim his aid, encompaſs'd by the foes.
With his huge weighty ſword, without delay,
Thro' bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
Thee, Turnus, thee he ſeeks along the plain,
Proud of the ſpoils of hapleſs Pallas ſlain.
The genial feaſt, the ſon, the ſire combin'd,
Leagues, friendſhip, all, came ruſhing on his mind.
Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens bred,
Unhappy victims! deſtin'd to the dead,
He ſeiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And ſprinkle with their blood the funeral fire.

At Magus next his furious ſpear he caſt,
But o'er his head the quivering weapon paſt;
The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
To bend his ſtern, inexorable heart.
By thy dead father's ſhade, thy ſuppliant ſpare!
By all the hopes of thy ſurviving heir!
Preſerve, victorious prince, this life alone,
To glad a longing father and a ſon!
High in my dome are ſilver talents roll'd,
With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold.
Theſe, to procure my ranſom, I reſign;
The war depends not on a life like mine!
One, one poor life, can no ſuch difference yield,
Nor turn the mighty ballance of the field!
Thy talents, (cry'd the prince) thy treaſur'd ſtore,
Keep for thy ſons; but talk of terms no more.
Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.
So deems my living ſon; my ſire below;
And, from this ſword, demand the life of every foe.
This ſaid; he ſeiz'd his helm; and, while he pray'd,
Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.
Apollo's prieſt, illuſtrious Æmon's ſon,
In purple robes and radiant armour ſhone.
The ſacred fillets bind his brows in vain!
Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain.
Beneath the prince the hapleſs victim dies,
And fate in endleſs ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Sereſtus ſtrips his arms; a coſtly load;
A trophy deſtin'd to the *thracian god.
Umbro, the marſian chief, exerts his might,
And valiant Cæculus renews the fight;

* *Mars.*

Againſt the prince he warms the troops in vain;---
He pours, he ſtorms, he thunders thro' the plain;
Lops warlike Anxur's arm; the hand and ſhield
Drop down, an uſeleſs burthen on the field.
Before, he vaunted, and he ſeem'd to riſe
In his proud thought, exalted, to the ſkies.
But ah! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind,
With the fond hope of years on years behind!
In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing ſtood,
Sprung from a Dryad and a ſylvan god.
Full in the heroe's front he dar'd appear,
But thro' his ſhield and corſlet flew the ſpear.
Then as he pray'd, and beg'd his life in vain,
He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain.
The trunk ſtill beating on the ground below,
Thus in proud triumph ſpoke his conquering foe:
Lie, mighty warrior, there! no mother's hand
Shall now interr thee in thy native land;
But hungry beaſts thy wretched corſe ſhall tear,
The fiſhes of the flood, and fowls of air.
Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
Fierce as they fought, the champions of the field.
Numa, and fair Camertes then he ſlew,
Who from bold Volſcens his proud lineage drew,
By far the wealthieſt of the latian train;
And ſoft Amycla own'd his eaſy reign.
And as, of old, the huge Ægëon ſtood
Engag'd in battle with the thundering god;
Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms,
And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms;
Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
Back to the ſkies, and anſwers fires with fires;

As many ſhining ſwords he ſhook, and held,
Oppos'd to every bolt, a ponderous ſhield.
So, when his reeking ſword in blood was dy'd,
Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on every ſide.
Now fierce he ruſh'd againſt Nyphæus' car,
Who ſhone conſpicuous in the ranks of war;
With wild affright the ſtartled ſteeds beheld
The towering heroe blazing o'er the field,
Flew back, and caſt their maſter on the plain;
Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.
Liger and Lucagus next came in view:
Drawn by white courſers, thro' the troops they flew;
Two haughty brothers; that, the courſers ſway'd;
This brandiſh'd high in air the glittering blade.
Their threats the trojan chief diſdain'd to bear,
Ruſh'd on, and ſhook aloft the pointed ſpear.
No phrygian fields are theſe, (proud Liger ſaid,)
Nor theſe the ſteeds of argive Diomede;
You 'ſcape not this, as once Achilles' car;
Here ends thy life, and here ſhall end the war!
Thus the mad boaſter---but, devoid of fear,
The prince, in anſwer, launch'd his whizzing ſpear.
Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horſe,
With his keen javelin urg'd their fiery courſe,
And, with one foot protended, ruſh'd to fight,
The lance, that inſtant, wing'd its fatal flight;
Beneath the ſhining margin of the ſhield,
Swift thro' the groin the pointed javelin held.
Down ſinks the warrior with a dreadful ſound,
And, grim in death, lies groveling on the ground.
The conquering prince beheld him as he bled,
And thus, in ſcornful terms, beſpoke the dead.

Nor were your courſers ſlow; nor vain affright
At empty ſhadows turn'd your ſteeds to flight;
Yourſelf, brave Lucagus, forſook the car,
And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war!
This ſaid; he ſeiz'd the courſers by the rein;
When thus the brother, caſt upon the plain,
With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain:
Now by thyſelf, thy mercy I implore;
By thoſe who ſuch a godlike heroe bore,
This forfeit life, divine Æneas, ſpare,
And with ſoft pity liſten to my pray'r.---
In far, far different terms you talk'd before;
Die then, (replies the prince) and plead no more;
Go!---'tis a brother's part---in duty go,
And wait thy brother to the realms below!
He rais'd the ſword aloft, as thus he ſaid,
And in his boſom plung'd the pointed blade.
Thus, like a ſtorm or torrent, o'er the ground
He ruſh'd, and ſpread the ſlaughter wide around;
Till from their works, ſo long beſieg'd in vain,
Break forth Aſcanius and the trojan train.
While thus the battle bled; imperial Jove
Addreſs'd his conſort in the realms above,
As both from heaven ſurvey'd the deathful ſcene:
Say, ſiſter-goddeſs, and my beauteous queen,
Still, is it ſtill your thought, that Venus' care
Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war?
See! how the martial bands encreaſe in might!
Strong from their wounds! and vig'rous for the fight!
Can ſuch brave heroes, who ſuch dangers prove,
Depend for ſuccour on the queen of love?
And why, my lord, ſubmiſſive, ſhe rejoin'd,
Theſe words ſevere, to rack my anxious mind?

Did ſtill your love (as ſure it ſhould) remain,
A wife and ſiſter might not plead in vain,
That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
Exempt from death, and glad his longing ſire.
But let him die, ſince Jove has ſo decreed!
To glut the trojan vengeance let him bleed!
And yet his birth might ſome diſtinction claim,
Since from our own celeſtial line he came;
To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid!
Thus ſpoke the ſuppliant queen; and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty ſovereign of the ſkies:
If 'tis your prayer to ſpare his forfeit breath,
By a ſhort reſpite of approaching death;
Snatch him this inſtant from the fatal hour,
This grace we grant him;--and we grant no more.
For if you beg his deſtin'd life to ſpare;
Or turn the courſe and fortune of the war;
Vain your requeſt, and vain your hope appears--
To whom, once more, the penſive queen, with tears:
And what, my lord, if you reverſe the doom?
Spare the dear youth, and ſave him from the tomb!
Ev'n from your ſoul, this grace if you will give,
(Which ſcarce you promiſe) that he yet may live!
Ah! now I ſee, or in my fears portend,
The guiltleſs youth approaching to his end!
But may thoſe fears, my ſovereign lord, be vain,
And your almighty pow'r recall his doom again!
This ſaid; with momentary ſpeed ſhe flies,
Wrap'd in a winged whirlwind, down the ſkies;
In ſable ſtorms ſhe drives the clouds before;
Then to the fields of fight her courſe ſhe bore:

There,

There, in Æneas' ſhape, a figur'd ſhade
Of light impaſſive air, the goddeſs made.
A trojan ſpear the ſpectre ſeem'd to wield,
Wore a proud creſt and imitated ſhield;
And ſpoke with empty words, in vaunting ſtrain,
And, like the chief, came towering o'er the plain.
(Such are the fleeting forms in viſions bred,
And ſuch the gliding ſpectres of the dead.)
The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and ſhook his airy lance.
The daunian prince his ſounding javelin threw;
While, with diſſembled fear, the phantom flew.
Deluded Turnus thought the trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus, exulting ſaid:
Flies then Æneas, to his fears reſign'd,
And leaves a princeſs' royal bed behind?---
The land, for which he croſs'd the ſtormy wave,
This arm ſhall give---and here he finds a grave!
Then ſhook his ſword, and chas'd him thro' the war;
But his ſhort triumph ſoon was loſt in air!
By chance a ſhip ſtood anchor'd by the ſhore,
(Which late, from Cluſium, king Oſinius bore)
Cloſe-ſhelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty ſides.
Swift to her darkſome hold the ſhade withdrew;
As ſwift glad Turnus to the veſſel flew.
That inſtant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the ſea.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends whole ſquadrons to the ghoſts below.
No more for ſhelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the ſkies.

While

While Turnus far in open ocean fails,
(The veſſel wafted by the riſing gales,)
Many a long look, back on the battle bends,
And hears the cries of his forſaken friends;
On ſuch hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguiſh to the ſtars:
What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim
This endleſs infamy to blaſt my name?
This dreadful doom is too ſevere by far;
This load of life is more than I can bear!
Whence came I here! and whither am I borne?
How could I fly?---ah! how ſhall I return?
Oh! with what eyes can I behold again
Yon' regal walls, or yon' deſerted train?
How will my friends purſue my name with hate?
By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate!
Thoſe friends (ye gods!) I left on yonder plain,
In my curs'd cauſe and quarrel, to be ſlain!
Ha!---now I ſee 'em fly, or bite the ground!---
I hear, I ſtart at every dying ſound.
What, what can now be done?---on land or ſea
What gulf will open for a wretch like me?
Ye winds, ye ſtorms, your pity I implore,
Drive, drive my bark on ſome rough rocky ſhore,
Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find me more!
This ſaid; the prince debates, by ſhame oppreſs'd,
Whether to plunge the faulchion in his breaſt;
Or from the veſſel leap amid the main,
Swim back, and mingle in the fight again.
Thrice on each bold reſolve his ſoul was bent;
And thrice great Juno check'd the raſh intent.
The goddeſs wafts him down, ſecure from harms,
Lands, and reſtores him to his father's arms.

Mezentius now, inſpir'd by Jove's commands,
Succeeds the chief, invades the trojan bands.
On him, and him alone the Tuſcans ran,
With all their darts; an army on a man.
But, like a rock, the dire alarms he ſtood;
A rock, whoſe ſides project into the flood;
That hears above, the furious whirlwind blow,
And ſees the frothy billows break below;
But ſtands unmov'd, majeſtically high,
And braves the idle rage of ocean and the ſky.
Firſt *Dolicaon's ſon the monarch ſlew;
Next on the trembling Latagus he flew;
Fierce in his hand a ponderous ſtone he took,
And on his viſage daſh'd the broken rock;
Then drove thro' Palmus' knee the pointed ſteel;
And left the warrior groveling where he fell.
His glittering arms young Lauſus' ſhoulders ſpread,
And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful ſpear,
With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer;
Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
Pregnant with flame, produc'd the fatal boy;
Yet in his native land was Paris ſlain!
But hapleſs Mimas on a foreign plain!
And as ſome mighty boar, who long has fed
High on the rough aërial mountain's head,
Chas'd by the hounds, ſhoots down the hanging brow
With ſpeed impetuous to the vale below;
When on the toils the furious monſter flies,
O'er his bent back the ſtarting briſtles riſe;
Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire;
Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.

* *Hebrus.* The

The clamorous hunters, cautious to engage,
With ſhouts and darts a diſtant combate wage;
He turns, he grinds his teeth; and, void of fear,
Shakes his huge ſides, and ſheds the ſcatter'd war.
Thus, (tho' inflam'd with juſt revenge they ſtand)
None dare engage the monarch hand to hand;
But from afar their miſſile darts they fling,
And with loud ſhouts provoke the raging king.

Acron, of argive race, for fame had fled
The joys of love, and left the ſpouſal bed.
In purple plumes he tower'd, with gaudy pride,
Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
The tuſcan king beheld him from afar,
Scatt'ring the ranks, and glittering thro' the war.

As when a lion, that with hunger bold,
Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
Or beamy ſtag, high-ſtalking o'er the plain;
His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
And, growling, rages in a foam of gore!
Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew,
And Acron in the pride of beauty ſlew.
His guſhing blood the broken dart diſtains,
And, as he falls, he ſpurns the hoſtile plains.

Now round the king the growing ſlaughters ſpread,
Who ſcorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled;
But, with preventive ſpeed, Mezentius ran,
Turn'd ſhort, and bravely fought him, man to man;
Then preſs'd him with his foot and lance; and cries;
Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
Lo! vanquiſh'd by your king, the great Orodes dies.

A ſudden tranſport fires the martial train,
And ſhouts of triumph echo round the plain.
When thus the dying chief: Inſulting foe!
Soon, like my own, ſhall thy proud head lie low.
Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh;
And here, ev'n here, art thou foredoom'd to die---
However, die thou firſt! the king reply'd,
(All-grimly ſmiling with diſdainful pride;)
And let your boaſted Jove for me provide.
Then from the corſe the bloody dart he drew;
The ſhades of death came hovering o'er his view.
Slow, in dim miſts, the heavy vapours riſe,
And in eternal ſlumber ſeal his eyes.
Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell;
Hydaſpes ſunk beneath Sacrator's ſteel;
His weighty ſpear the valiant Rapo threw,
And mighty Orſes and Parthenius ſlew.
Clonius the next by Neptune's ſon was ſlain,
And Ericetes preſs'd the bloody plain;
This, on the ground, the godlike heroe kill'd;
That his mad courſer caſt upon the field.
Next, tuſcan Valerus, as Agis ſtrode
Before the ranks, thy javelin drank his blood.
Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atronius' ſide;
The hapleſs victor by Nealces dy'd,
Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
And reach from far the unſuſpecting foe.
The god of war, in equal ballance, held
The rage, the woes, and ſlaughters of the field.
Fix'd on the ſpot, the troops diſdain to fly;
By turns, the vanquiſh'd and the victors die.
From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind!

Here heaven's imperial queen; and Venus, there,
'Lean forward from the ſky to view the war;
While pale Tiſiphoné, with dire alarms,
Inflames the riſing rage, and calls the hoſts to arms.
Now his yaſt ſpear aloft Mezentius held;
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the field.
So thro' mid ocean when Orion ſtrides,
His bulk enormous towers above the tides:
So, when he graſps in his tremendous hand,
Some mountain oak, and ſtalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample ſhoulders riſe,
And his huge ſtature heaves into the ſkies!
Æneas mark'd the heroe from afar,
And thro' the ranks ruſh'd furious to the war.
The heroe ſtands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he ſaw the mighty chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my ſpear, and conquering hand (he cry'd)
(Mezentius owns no Deity beſide!)
Aſſiſt my vow; ſucceed my martial toils;
To ſtrip yon' pirate of his bloody ſpoils;
Thou, Lauſus! thou, Æneas' arms ſhalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!
He ſaid, and hurl'd the javelin o'er the field,
That ſung and glanc'd obliquely from the ſhield,
But held its furious courſe, and, turning wide,
Drove deep the point in great Anthores' ſide:
The great Anthores, (an illuſtrious name,)
Evander's gueſt, from antient Argos came;
Late in th' arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god,

But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he cast to heaven his swimming eyes,
Turns his last thoughts on Argos, as he dies!
Next his strong lance the pious Trojan cast;
Swift thro' the shining orb the javelin past,
Thro' linnen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury stay'd—
The streaming blood the chief with joy survey'd;
Then from the sheath the shining faulchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.
This sees brave Lausus, his illustrious son,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And, while grief, rage and love his bosom fire,
Sighs, weeps and runs, to disengage his sire.
Here then, if future times will credit give,
Thy praise, heroic youth! shall ever live;
Poor, pitied youth!—in life's first early bloom,
Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb!
Incumber'd by the spear that pierc'd the shield,
With tir'd, slow steps, the monarch quits the field.
Forth springs the son against the trojan lord,
And rush'd beneath the long-descending sword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
His friends, with darts, the prince at distance ply,
And with their loud applauses rend the sky.
The heroe rages, as the javelins play'd,
And lies collected in the buckler's shade.
As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
And the wide field smoaks with the rushing showers,

To

To the safe shelving banks the swains repair,
Or to some cavern'd rock; and, shelter'd there,
Wait till the furious tempest break away;
And then renew the labours of the day.
So, ply'd by showers of javelins from afar,
The chief sustain'd the tempest of the war
On his broad shield; and thus the godlike man
Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain;
Whither, to death, ah! whither wou'dst thou run,
And tempt a hand far mightier than thy own?
Ah! yet poor Lausus! from the field remove;
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.
He warn'd in vain; the youth the prince defies;
Till all his dreadful wrath began to rise;
The fates prepare their sheers; the dardan lord
Unsheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring sword:
The thund'ring sword, with all his force apply'd,
Furious he drove, and bury'd in his side.
The thrilling point, with boundless rage impress'd,
Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden vest,
Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er;
And his fair breast was stain'd with crimson gore!
The pensive spirit leaves the corse behind,
Flies to the shades, and mixes with the wind.
But, when the pious godlike prince of Troy
Saw the pale visage of the hapless boy
In death's last agonies; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart; nor cou'd he bear the view.
His soul now melts with stern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched sire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and said;
To worth like thine, what honours can be paid?

Lamented youth, too early loſt! receive
The ſole reward a generous foe can give;
Lo! I reſtore thy arms, unhappy boy!
Thy ſword and buckler, late thy only joy;
Yet Lauſus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd.
Then round the corſe he calls his ſocial train,
And rears himſelf the warrior from the plain.
But ah! how chang'd!---with blood disfigur'd o'er;
And his fair treſſes all-deform'd with gore!
Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flowery bounds,
In the cool ſtream to bathe his glowing wounds,
The wretched father (father now no more!)
In ſullen ſorrow reſted on the ſhore;
Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguiſh ſtung,
And from a bough his brazen helmet hung.
His heavier arms lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
Round the ſad monarch wait the duteous train:
As, (o'er his breaſt his hoary beard declin'd,)
The chief enjoy'd the freſhneſs of the wind;
Much of his Lauſus, aſks the penſive fire;
Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
When lo! his ſoldiers bear him on a ſhield,
Pale, ſtretch'd in death, and breathleſs, from the field.
Deep in his ſide appear'd the grizly wound;
His groaning friends attend, and mourn around.
Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
And duſt o'er all his hoary locks he threw;
To heaven, in agonies of anguiſh, ſpread
His hands; and, hovering o'er, embrac'd the dead:
And oh! can life, (he cry'd) ſuch pleaſure give?
And bleeds my Lauſus, that his ſire may live?

Have

Have I then loſt thy life, and ſav'd my own?
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd ſon!
In my defence could ſuch a ſon expire?
A ſon like him, for ſuch a guilty ſire!
Now, now, I feel an exile's woe; the ſmart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.
'Tis keen, 'tis ſharp, 'tis terrible at laſt!
Nor half the bitterneſs of life is paſt!
On thy fair fame, my ſon, I left a ſtain,
Driv'n by my people from my native reign;
To them, to thee, my murther'd child! I owe
All, all the deaths ſuch guilt ſhou'd undergo.
And yet I live, and ſee the golden light!
But ſoon will leave it, for I loath the ſight!
This ſaid; with rage, and valour boiling high,
The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh;
And, tho' his wound retards him in his ſpeed,
He calls, impatient, for the warrior ſteed;
The ſteed, his pride, his ſolace, and delight,
That bore him ſtill victorious from the fight.
Then, as he droop'd, and hung his penſive head,
He clapp'd the generous horſe, and thus he ſaid:
Rhæbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
In mortal life;)---'tis now too long for me!
Soon ſhalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
And bring Æneas' head and ſpoils away;
With thy lov'd lord on yon' deteſted plain,
Avenge my ſon, my darling Lauſus ſlain,
And ſhare together, in the dire debate,
One common conqueſt, or one common fate.
For thou wilt ſcorn, I truſt, the rule abhorr'd,
And the baſe burthen of a phrygian lord.

This ſaid; the heroe mounts the generous horſe,
And to the foe directs his furious courſe.
High on his head the creſted helm he wore,
And in his hands the ſteely javelins bore.
His conſcious valour, his recoiling ſhame,
Grief, wrath, and fury, ſet his ſoul on flame.
Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far,
Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
So may great Jove, and he, the god of light,
Inſpire thy ſoul, to ſtand the proffer'd fight!
The heroe cry'd; then made his bold advance,
Fierce o'er the field, and ſhook the flaming lance.
And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting ſtrain;
The father periſh'd, when the ſon was ſlain!
Strike then, and uſe thy preſent fortune:---ſtrike---
Death, and the fabled gods, I ſcorn alike.
No more---I came to die; but firſt beſtow
This parting preſent on the murtherous foe.
Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he ſped;
Lance after lance, in ſwift ſucceſſion, fled;
Then, in a ſpacious ring, he rode the field,
And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable ſhield;
Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,
And at each flight a pointed javelin threw.
Collected in himſelf, the heroe bears,
On the broad ſhield, a riſing grove of ſpears.
But now the prince, impatient of delay,
So long to tug dart after dart away,
Preſs'd and fatigu'd with ſuch unequal fight,
(At length determin'd to diſplay his might,)
Springs forth; and aims his javelin's furious courſe
Betwixt the temples of the fiery horſe.

Stung

Stung to the brain the horſe begins to rear,
Paw with his plunging feet, and laſh the air.
Headlong at laſt, and madding with the ſteel,
Full on the ſhoulder of his lord he fell.
The hoſts with clamours tempeſt all the ſkies.
With his drawn ſword the fierce Æneas flies:
And where is now the lofty ſtrain (he cry'd)
Of ſtern Mezentius, and the ſcornful pride?
With half-recover'd life, the king replies;
(And, as he ſpeaks, ſtares wildly at the ſkies;)
Why, why, inſulting foe, this waſte of breath
To ſouls determin'd, and reſolv'd on death?
In that fond hope to battle did I fly;
And fought far leſs to conquer than to die.
My ſon, when ſlaughter'd in the martial ſtrife,
Made no ſuch contract for his father's life;
A worthleſs gift, to live at thy command!
Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand!
But, if a vanquiſh'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave!
Too well my ſubjects vengeance have I known;
Then guard my corſe; and lay me by my ſon.
Grant, grant that pleaſure, ere I yield my breath,
To ſhare his dear ſociety in death!
This ſaid; the willing warrior to the foe
Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
The ſanguine ſtream his radiant armour dy'd;
The ſoul came ruſhing in the purple tide.

The End of the TENTH BOOK.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a sharp engagement of the horse, wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed, and the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

NOW, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head;
The chief, (tho' eager to interr the dead,
And to the wretched father's arms to send
The relicks of his dear departed friend;)
First to the gods discharg'd a victor's vows,
And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd;
The shiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
The plumy crest that dropp'd with recent gore;
The cuirass next, transfix'd in every part
By the keen javelin or the flying dart.
Then on the left, the brazen shield was ty'd;
And the dread sword hung glittering at the side.
Thus the rich spoils he rais'd aloft in air,
A trophy sacred to the god of war.

Then

Then to his friends, a glad triumphant train,
Assembled round their chief, the prince began:
Dismiss your fears; the high exploit is o'er;
The great, the stern Mezentius is no more!
Lo! where an omen of success he stands,
The glorious trophy of your leader's hands!
When heaven permits, our standard to display,
To yon' proud town, intrepid, break your way;
And let your eager hopes, devoid of care,
Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
Now let our slaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
The last, last honours, we can pay the dead!
On those brave souls be funeral rites bestow'd,
Who bought this country with their dearest blood;
But first the cold remains of Pallas send
To his sad father, our unhappy friend;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant heroe to the tomb!
Then to the tent his hasty court he sped,
Where old Acœtes sits, and guards the dead,
Evander's 'squire of old, in fields he shone
A far less prosperous comrade to the son!
His friends, his soldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming heroe slain;
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The trojan dames in order stand around.
Soon as Æneas past the lofty door,
With louder groans the warrior they deplore;
They beat their breasts; tears gush from every eye;
The rich pavilions to their shrieks reply.
His head now rais'd, the pious prince of Troy
Saw the pale features of the hapless boy;

Saw the wide wound amidſt his ivory breaſt!
And, with a flood of tears, the dead addreſs'd:
Lamented youth! cod'd fortune then intend
To bleſs my arms, but rob me of my friend?
My friend, I hop'd, (but ah! that hope was vain!)
Wou'd ſhare the glories of my opening reign,
And, gay with conqueſt, glad his ſire again.
Far other promiſe to that ſire I paſt!
Nor thought thy firſt, firſt warfare was thy laſt:
Then, when he ſent me to my high command,
The good old king, at parting, graſp'd my hand,
And told, with all a friend's and father's care,
With what fierce nations we muſt wage the war.
Now for his ſon, perhaps, he loads the ſhrine,
And decks the fane of every power divine;
While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
We bring him back his Pallas from the fight,
Pale, ſtretch'd in death; and, in his lateſt hour,
Diſclaim'd by every ruthleſs heavenly pow'r!
Now, for theſe triumphs, muſt thy mournful eye
See the ſad funeral of thy ſon go by!
Such, hapleſs monarch, are the ſpoils we ſend!
Such, the vain boaſt and promiſe of thy friend!
And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppreſs'd,
His wounds all fair, and honeſt, on the breaſt!
Better, than to prolong by ſhame his breath!
Then hadſt thou curſt thy age, and wiſh'd for death!
Ah! what a chief have our confederate hoſt,
And what a friend haſt thou, Aſcanius, loſt!
Thus, while a ſtream of tears he ſhed in vain,
He bids 'em raiſe the body of the ſlain.

A thou-

A thouſand warriors from the hoſt he choſe,
To wait the pomp, and ſhare the father's woes,
The due funereal honours to compleat;
A ſlender ſolace, for a loſs ſo great!
Soft bending twigs they weave; with care they ſpread
The ſwelling foliage o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier, diſpoſe the dead.
There like a flower he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by ſome lovely virgin from the ground:
The root no more the mother earth ſupplies;
Yet ſtill th' unfaded colour charms the eyes!
Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought;
Robes, which of old the tyrian princeſs wrought.
One, round the body of the youth he ſpread,
His laſt, laſt gift! and one adorn'd his head,
Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aſpire,
With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
Next, in a line, darts, helms and ſteeds appear,
Won by himſelf; the prizes of the war.
Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
Unhappy youths!---devoted to the flame!
With fair inſcriptions of the foes he ſlew,
The nobleſt chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
Supported by his friends, with woes oppreſs'd,
Acætes rends his locks, and beats his breaſt;
This moment, pauſes; then, in ſorrow drown'd,
Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
All cover'd o'er with blood, ſucceeds a train
Of hoſtile cars, in honour of the ſlain.
Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
Æthon, his generous warrior-horſe, behind,

Moves with a ſolemn, ſlow, majeſtic pace;
And the big tears run rowling down his face.
Theſe, the young hero's lance and helmet bear;
The reſt, the victor ſeiz'd, the ſpoils of war.
The trojan, tuſcan and arcadian train
Trail their inverted javelins on the plain.
The pomp all paſt; thus good Æneas ſaid,
With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead:
Hail, mighty ſpirit hail!---with dire alarms,
The fates recall us to the rage of arms,
And to new ſcenes of woe thy friends compell;---
Farewell, brave prince, a long and laſt farewell.
This ſaid; the mournful chief, without delay,
Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.

Now from the latian court a train were ſped,
With wreaths of verdant olives on their head;
Who aſk a truce, to ſearch th' enſanguin'd plain,
And decent in their graves diſpoſe the ſlain.
Beg, that his wrath in conqueſt may be laid,
Nor wage a war, relentleſs, with the dead;
But ſpare their nation, late by ſocial ties,
By plighted love, and friendſhip, his allies.

The godlike heroe grants their juſt requeſt;
And in theſe words his generous ſoul expreſs'd:
What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds ſo far,
To ſhun our friendſhip, for this waſtful war?
Glad would I grant the truce, you aſk for thoſe
Who dy'd in fight, to my ſurviving foes.---
Had not the fates aſſign'd theſe realms before,
I had not ſail'd to your heſperian ſhore;
I wage the war but in my own defence;
Not with your people, but your perjur'd prince.

First,

First, from his league, perfidious he withdrew;
Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
But let proud Turnus ſtand ('tis juſt and right)
The terrors of this arm in ſingle fight.
Would he repell the Trojans from the land?
Ev'n let him meet their general hand to hand!
Soon would he known, in combate when we ſtrove,
Which heaven ordains, to periſh or ſurvive.
Go then, and burn your ſlaughter'd friends, that ſpread
The purpled fields; I war not with the dead.
Struck with the generous ſpeech, they ſtood amaz'd,
And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd.
When Drances, ſenior of the reverend train,
Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began:
How ſhall my tongue ſo great a prince proclaim,
Whom fame renowns; whoſe deeds tranſcend his fame!
Whoſe force and wiſdom, or in war or peace,
Thought ſcarce can equal; and no words expreſs!
Thy anſwer will we ſoon report, and bring,
To thy alliance, our deluded king.
And let raſh Turnus other courts implore,
His ſinking cauſe and intereſts to reſtore;
While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy,
To raiſe this fated town, this ſecond Troy.
He ſaid; the reſt aſſent with equal praiſe,
And fix the truce for twelve ſucceeding days.
Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove.
Now the tough aſh the ſounding axes ply;
Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the ſky.
The wedge divides, with many a vigorous ſtroke,
The ſcented cedar, and the ponderous oak.

And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load!)
The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.
Now fame, the meſſenger of ſorrow, bears
The death of Pallas to the father's ears;
That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
The glorious tidings of his conqueſts bore.
Strait ruſhing thro' the gates, the people ſtand
In ranks, a funeral torch in every hand.
The mingling blaze a dreadful ſplendor yields,
Flames to the ſkies, and lightens all the fields.
The phrygian train approach, a ſolemn ſhow,
And join the mourners in the publick woe.
Loud ſhriek the matrons, as the corſe appears,
And the whole city ſeems one ſcene of tears.
But nought the wretched father can reſtrain,
He breaks, all-frantic, thro' the parting train;
Then on the bier his aged body threw,
And kiſs'd his ſon, as to the corſe he grew,
While from his eyes the guſhing ſorrows flow:
Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe,
A thouſand things in vain he ſtrove to ſay;
But ſcarce could theſe for anguiſh find their way:
Is this thy promiſe then, (my child) with care
And cool reſerve, to mingle in the war?
Too well, alas! I knew, how honour's charms
Wou'd fire thy youth to ſeek the rough alarms,
In theſe thy firſt eſſays, and rudiments of arms!
Oh! dire eſſays!---too fond was thy delight
To learn the dreadful leſſons of the fight!
Where now are all my vows, (my Pallas) where?
Ah! the ſtern gods grew deaf to every pray'r!
How bleſt art thou, dear partner of my bed,
Free from this ſtroke, among the happier dead!

Thee, heaven in mercy ſnatch'd to ſhades below;
Thee, death deliver'd from this ſcene of woe!
I, in the dregs of age, o cruel doom!
Uſurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
Still live, and drag a load of ſorrows on!
Live---and (more terrible!) ſurvive my ſon!
Me, in the battle, if the foes had ſlain,
When, with my force, I join'd the trojan train,
I (as I ſhou'd) had periſh'd; and this ſtate
On the dead father, not the ſon ſhou'd wait!
Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
To you, o warriors! or my leagues with Troy.
'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell ſo young;
No!---'tis the father's, who has liv'd ſo long,
With his ſlain ſon to blaſt his cloſing eye,
And wiſh, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die!
Yet, tho' before his time the fates requir'd,
My dear, dear boy; he glorioufly expir'd!
Yet to the deſtin'd ſhore his friends he led,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
Ye gods! I'm ſatisfy'd---he periſh'd well!
His father thanks you; for in fight he fell!
Nor will I add more honours to the boy,
Than thoſe deſign'd him by the prince of Troy,
Thoſe, the bold tuſcan hoſts and heroes gave,
To wait the corſe triumphant to the grave:
With thoſe, his own bright trophies be his ſhare,
Trophies of chiefs, he vanquiſh'd in the war.
Ah! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the heroe in the man,
Ev'n thou hadſt ſtood conſpicuous to the fight,
The moſt diſtinguiſh'd trophy of the fight:

But why with tears ſo long have I with-held
(Wretch that I am!) the ſoldier from the field?
Go---tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a ſpectacle of woe!
(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy!)
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy,
His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the ſad ſurvivor and the dead.
'Tis all, himſelf, or fortune now can give;
'Tis for that only, I'll endure to live.
Life has no joys for me; but I ſhou'd go
Pleas'd with theſe tidings to my boy below!
And now, to wretched man, the dawning ray
Reſtor'd their round of labours, and the day.
The tuſcan chief and trojan prince command,
To raiſe the funeral ſtructures on the ſtrand.
Then to the piles, as antient rites ordain,
Their friends convey the relicks of the ſlain.
From the black flames the ſullen vapours riſe,
And ſmoke in curling volumes to the ſkies.
The foot thrice compaſs the high-blazing pyres;
Thrice move the horſe, in circles, round the fires.
Their tears, as loud they howl at every round,
Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
A peal of groans ſucceeds; and heaven rebounds
To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial ſounds.
Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
The ſwords and helmets of the vanquiſh'd foe.
Some, the known ſhields their brethren bore in vain,
And unſucceſsful javelins of the ſlain.
Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled,
And briſtly ſwine; in honour of the dead.

The

The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they slew,
And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
Around their friends the pensive warriors stand,
And watch the dying fires along the strand;
Many a long look they cast with streaming eyes,
And wait till dewy night had spangled o'er the skies.

Nor with less labour toil the latian train;
But raise unnumber'd structures for the slain;
Some, to their graves, with pious care commend;
Some to their native coasts and cities, send.
Some, of distinguish'd rank and high renown,
Are borne with funeral trophies to the town;
The rest, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
The huge promiscuous carnage of the field!
From the thick piles, the steaming flames arise,
Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the skies.

When the third morn disclos'd the dawning day,
They search'd the heaps, and bore the bones away;
In the warm ashes their remains they found,
Quench'd with their tears, and buried in the ground;
Then o'er the relicks rais'd a lofty mound.

But more tumultuous shrieks and clamours ring
Thro' the wide town, and palace of the king:
Boys, mothers, wives and sisters, there complain
For fathers, children, lords and brothers slain.
All with one general voice the war abhorr'd,
And the dire nuptials of the daunian lord.
Let him, whose boundless and ambitious pride
Aspires to gain a crown, and regal bride,
Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,
And with his single sword decide the war.
This, Drances still inflames; and adds, with spight;
His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.---

But Turnus to his ſide a number draws,
Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cauſe:
He ſtands ſupported by his former fame;
And the queen's favour ſhades his injur'd name.
Midſt theſe debates the penſive envoys bring
The final anſwer of th' ætolian king.---
Nor pray'rs, nor gifts avail; but all the coſt,
With all the fruitleſs embaſſy, was loſt.
New ſuccours muſt be ſought; or peace implor'd,
In terms ſubmiſſive, of the trojan lord.
The latian king, ſurrounded by his foes,
Sinks in deſpair, and bends beneath his woes.
The wrath of heaven, the recent tombs, that ſpread
The fields, o'ercharg'd and peopled with the dead,
Point out the trojan chief, ordain'd by fate,
To ſway the ſcepter of the latian ſtate.
He calls a council; at the ſovereign's call,
The peers, aſſembled, croud the regal hall;
There, midſt the reverend fathers of the ſtate,
With mournful looks the hoary monarch ſate;
The monarch bids th' embaſſadors report,
Diſtinct, their anſwer from th' ætolian court.
Then, while attention held the ſolemn train,
With reverence due, ſage Venulus began:
Ye peers, (a length of lands and perils paſt,)
We ſaw the royal Diomede at laſt;
And touch'd, with wonder and reſpectful joy,
The mighty hand that raz'd imperial Troy.
There, bleſt with eaſe, the happy victor builds
A ſecond Argos in the gargan fields;
Strait to the court admitted, we begun,
And in ſubmiſſive terms addreſs'd the throne;

Preſent

Preſent our gifts, our names and land diſcloſe;
What war requir'd his aid; and who his foes.
When, with ſoft accents and a pleaſing look,
Thus, in return, the gracious monarch ſpoke:
Ye bleſt Auſonians! bleſt, from times of old,
By righteous Saturn with an age of gold;
What madneſs rous'd you now with vain alarms,
From long hereditary peace to arms?
All, all our argive kings, who dar'd employ
Their ſwords to violate the towers of Troy;
(Thoſe chiefs I paſs that under Ilion dy'd,
Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide;)
Toſs'd round the world, in every diſtant clime,
Atone the guilt of that preſumptuous crime.
From that dire war our deſperate courſe we bore,
Each driv'n by tempeſts on a different ſhore.
Such ſcenes of ſorrow not a foe cou'd hear,
Nor Priam's ſelf relate without a tear.
This truth, Minerva's vengeful ſtorm can tell,
When on Caphareus' rocks Oileus fell.
The * ſpartan lord, a baniſh'd wretch, was hurl'd
To † Proteus' pillars, in a diſtant world.
Ulyſſes, on the dread ſicilian coaſt,
Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades loſt.
From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
To libyan ſhores, the locrian ſquadrons fly,
To flaming ſuns, that ſcorch the mid-day ſky.
The ‡ king of kings, ill-fated! loſt his life,
Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitreſs wife.
There the great victor of all Aſia bled;
The proud adulterer mounts his throne and bed.

* *Menelaus.* † *Ægypt.* ‡ *Agamemnon.* Then,

Then, what long woes were mine? by heaven deny'd
To see my native realm, and beauteous bride?
For that bleſt ſight, ſad omens ſhock my eye;
Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the ſky.
Oh dire inflictions!—now they wander o'er
The fiſhy floods, or ſcream along the ſhore.
From that curs'd moment all theſe woes were due,
When, fir'd with rage, againſt the gods I flew;
And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
(Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand.
When Ilion fell, my vengeance then was o'er;
And with her ruins will I war no more.
My ſoul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
On thoſe misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
Bear back the preſents, and the gifts you bring,
('Tis far, far ſafer,) to the trojan king.
For well, too well, the mighty chief I know,
And met in rigid fight the god-like foe;
Dreadful in arms he tower'd before the hoſt:
Heavens! with how fierce a ſpring the lance he toſt!
How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field!
How high he ſhook the ſword, and rais'd the ponderous ſhield!
Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame,
Their conduct, courage, ſtrength and worth the ſame;
All Greece had trembled thro' her hundred ſtates;
Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the fates,
Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates.
His conquering ſword, and Hector's valiant hand,
So long of old repell'd the grecian band.
Their ſingle valour ſav'd their native wall,
And ten whole years ſuſpended Ilion's fall.

Æneas

Æneas shone his equal in the field,
But in his reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, my latian friends; but oh! forbear
To tempt so terrible a foe to war.—
This is the sum, great king, of what he said;
And this th' advice of royal Diomed.
Thus, of their charge, the legates made report;
Strait ran a mingled murmur thro' the court.
So when by rocks the torrents are withstood,
In deep hoarse murmurs rolls th' imprison'd flood,
Beats on the banks; and, with a sullen sound,
Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.
Soon as the noise was silenc'd from the throne,
(Heaven first invok'd) the hoary prince begun:
I wish, o reverend fathers, we had sate,
Before these perils, on th' endanger'd state;
Far better, than a council now to call,
When Troy's embody'd powers surround our wall.
A host of heroes to the fight we dare,
And wage with demigods a fatal war.
No toils their fiery ardour can restrain;
Tho' vanquish'd, strait they fly to arms again.
Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown;
And now must center in ourselves alone.
Nor these how slender, need I here relate,
Since your own eyes behold our dangerous state.
Not, but I grant, all fought with all their powers;
Arms, strength and courage cou'd perform no more.
In the dire war, has labour'd every hand,
With the whole force and numbers of the land.
But still in vain our efforts have we try'd;
Heaven fights for Troy, and combates on her side.

Then

Then hear attentive what my thoughts ſuggeſt---
A length of lands, far-ſtretching to the weſt,
Againſt Sicania, near the Tyber lies;
Where, high in air, the towering hills ariſe.
Theſe tracts, th' Auruntians and Rutulians plow,
And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
Theſe, with their woods, the Trojans ſhall poſſeſs,
And both the nations join in leagues of peace.
Since ſuch their wiſh, ev'n let the warlike band
Raiſe a new town, and ſettle in the land.
But wou'd they leave our latian ſhores again,
And for ſome other region croſs the main,
Twice ten ſtrong veſſels let us build, or more;
(For thick the foreſts grow along the ſhore.)
The form and number let themſelves aſſign;
The work, the rigging, and the coſt be mine.
Yet more;---with peaceful olive in their hand,
A hundred peers and princes of the land,
To firm the ſacred league, in ſolemn ſtate,
With ample preſents on their prince ſhall wait;
Rich gifts of gold, and poliſh'd ivory bear,
The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
Ye peers! with freedom theſe high points debate;
Speak, ſpeak your minds, and ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Then Drances roſe, a proud diſtinguiſh'd name,
With envy fir'd at Turnus' ſpreading fame.
His mother's blood, illuſtrious ſplendors grace,
By birth as generous, as his ſire was baſe.
Potent and rich, in factious counſels ſkill'd;
Bold at the board; a coward in the field;
Loud he harangu'd the court; and, as he roſe,
Theſe vile reproaches on the warrior throws:

What

What you propose, great monarch, is so plain
To all the synod, that replies are vain.
But none dares speak; tho' all can understand
The sole expedient our affairs demand.
Let him, by whose unhappy conduct led,
For whose curs'd cause so many chiefs have bled,
So many princes of our land lie low,
Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
He, who pretends to storm a host, but flies;
While the proud boastful coward braves the skies;
Let Turnus (for I must, I will pursue
The publick good, tho' death is in my view)
Grant that high favour to this reverend train,
At least, of these our sufferings to complain!
O king! to those rich gifts design'd before
For the great Trojan, add one present more:
One that your duteous senate must request,
And one he values more than all the rest.
By fear or violence no longer sway'd,
Give to so brave a prince th' imperial maid;
By that sure pledge a lasting peace obtain;
Or know, the peace without the pledge is vain.
But shou'd our king so bold a step disclaim,
Aw'd by the terrors of his rival's name;
To dreaded Turnus we prefer our pray'r
For his permission, to bestow the fair,
And to our prince and country to restore
Their rights, and bluster on the throne no more.
Why for thy pride, our lives shou'd we expose,
O fatal chief! the source of all our woes?
'Tis a destructive war; but, to be free
From these long ills, we humbly sue to thee;

To

To thee, fair peace, are all our prayers apply'd;
And, the sole pledge of peace, the royal bride;
And first, myself, thy fancy'd foe; (a name
I scorn alike to own, or disclaim,
Ev'n I, a suppliant, beg thy gracious eye
Our bleeding country, and forsake the war.
In pity, prince, this word from me receive;
'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field!
Too long have we bemoan'd our slaughter'd hosts,
Our lands dispeopled, and our wasted coasts.
If love of glory has thy soul possest,
If fame inspires, or courage warms thy breast;
If none can please us but a prince our foe,
Meet in the lifted lists thy generous foe,
Sure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain;
For us-- no matter--we may well be slain!
Unkept, unbury'd, to the fowls resign'd;
The world's last dregs, the refuse of mankind!
We, worthless souls! were born for him alone,
And, from our fields, he mounts into the throne!
But go, proud warrior, if one spirit remains
Of courage in thy soul, and warms thy veins;
Go---meet thy rival---answer his demand---
Go---fight the trojan heroe, hand to hand.
Yet the vain boaster soon, a craven, will fly,
Nor stand the terrors of that deathful eye.
These scornful words the haughty youth engage
In all the fiery violence of rage;
Then, while a groan of indignation broke
Deep from his heart, the wrathful heroe spoke;
Drances! that tongue a stream of words can yield,
Then, when our hands are wanted in the field;

First

First in debate! but since 'tis safer far
With words to flourish, than to wage the war;
To deal in long harangues, while walls inclose
Thee and thy fears; and guard thee from the foes.
Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
And mouth and bellow to the listning crowd.
Proceed then, dastard, in thy wonted strain;
Throw forth a storm of eloquence again:
With all thy malice, all thy art declaim,
And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
Since the full triumph of the day are thine,
And thy own trophies stand as high as mine!
Try, try, this hour, thy courage; see! the foes
Advance, approach us, and our walls inclose;
Lo! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?
Shall all thy valour, wretch! consist so long
In those swift feet, and in that swifter tongue?
I routed, monster! and compell'd to fly?
Who but thyself could forge the shameless lye?
Say, was I routed on yon' deathful plain,
When Tyber's streams ran purple to the main?
Where, wretch, didst thou sit brooding o'er thy fear,
When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful spear?
When, all in heaps, his vanquish'd troops retir'd
Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
Or where?---when both the giant brethren fell;
When thousands more my faulchion plung'd to hell
In one victorious day, tho' compass'd round
With foes, and press'd within the hostile mound?
All, all, but thou, stood witness to the fight!
Nor didst thou dare look out upon the fight!

'Tis

'Tis a deſtructive war---go, daſtard go,
And preach that rule, you practiſe, to the foe;
At once avow that intereſt you embrace,
Go, and alarm our friends, our arms diſgrace,
But praiſe and honour a twice-vanquiſh'd race.
Tell, tell the crowd, how every argive lord
And monarch trembled at the phrygian ſword;
That Tydeus' ſon, that Peleus' baffled heir
Retir'd from Hector, nor cou'd ſtand his war;
That Aufidus himſelf with ſudden dread,
When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
Ran back, aſtoniſh'd, to his native bed.
Such are his baſe ſuggeſtions, which appear
Falſe as himſelf; or his diſſembled fear
Of my revenge; that vanity reſign;
Such blood ſhall never ſtain a ſword like mine!
Still may thy ſoul diſmiſs that idle care,
Lurk in that abject breaſt, and tremble there!---
But to reſume, o king! our great debate,
(Your dread commands,) the ſolemn cares of ſtate.
Since on our arms no farther ſtreſs you lay,
But loſe at once all courage, with the day;
If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er,
If all our future proſpects are no more;
Gods! let us raiſe theſe coward hands, to gain
Peace, pardon, life; and court the victor's chain!
Yet, o ye princes! did the leaſt remains
Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins;
Thoſe I ſhou'd ever deem the truly great,
Thoſe, who in fields of battle brave their fate;
Thoſe, who to 'ſcape that ſhame, with glory fir'd,
Bled; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd!

But ſince a yet-unbroken force we find,
Confederate towns, and nations ſtill behind;
Since Troy, ſo nobly by our troops withſtood,
Has bought her glory with her deareſt blood;
Since, in their turn, the tempeſt threatens all;
Since, with the vanquiſh'd, the proud victors fall;
Why, on our firſt attempt, this low deſpair?
This flight, before the trumpet calls to war?
Time oft has ſuccour'd an endanger'd ſtate
By ſome new change, and ſnatch'd her from her fate!
Some kingdoms ſtrange viciſſitudes ſuſtain;
Now cruſh'd by fortune, and now rais'd again!
What tho' th' ætolian monarch has deny'd
To arm, and bring his forces to our ſide,
Yet, with Meſſapus, on our part appears
Tolumnius, ſtill ſucceſsful in the wars,
And many a glorious chief, who lead their bands,
Impatient for renown, from diſtant lands.
Beſides our latian youth, of matchleſs might,
With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
The volſcian princeſs leads her valiant train,
All ſheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
But ſince my foes and friends the fight demand;
The publick peace no longer I withſtand:
Full well the way to victory I know;
In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
This new Achilles, to the lifted field,
In all his heavenly arms, and huge vulcanian ſhield!
Nor ſhall my deeds my anceſtry diſgrace,
Nor once degenerate from my glorious race.
For you, o king! for you, my friends, for all,
Behold your ſelf-devoted Turnus fall!---

Me

Me does my rival to the fight demand?
Grant, o ye gods! the challenge ſtill may ſtand;
Nor let yon' wretch, however you decide
My fate, the danger or the fame divide.
Meantime Æneas, midſt the high debate,
Leads on his eager troops to ſeize the gate.
The trojan ſquadrons, and the tuſcan train
March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
Before the godlike prince, the loud report
Flew ſwift, and ſcar'd the city and the court;
The crowds all kindle at the dire alarms,
And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms.
The youth ruſh forth to war; the ſires complain,
And ſtrive to ſtop the growing rage in vain.
From either ſide the different murmurs riſe,
And their tumultuous clamours rend the ſkies.
So ring the foreſts with the feather'd brood,
A thouſand notes re-echoing thro' the wood:
Or ſcream the ſwans on fair Paduſa's bounds;
And down the waters float the mingling ſounds.
Is this an hour, cool methods to deviſe,
And talk of peace? the fiery Turnus cries;
Declaim, ye daſtards, talk, ye triflers, on,
While the proud Trojan arms, and ſtorms the town!
He ſaid; and ruſh'd impetuous to the plain;
Lead, lead, brave Voluſus, our ardean train,
And ſummon to the fight the volſcian force;
Thou, thou, Meſſapus, range th' embattled horſe,
And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
Wide o'er the field to ſpread the opening war.
All, all, be ready; with divided pow'rs
Guard you the paſſes; you defend the tow'rs.

Bend

Bend you to battle; and, in firm array,
Attend your general where he leads the way.
The troops obey; and, gathering at the call,
Pour in tumultuous heaps to guard the wall.
The penſive father of the latian ſtate
(Confus'd, amaz'd,) ſuſpended the debate,
And his own conduct blames, that he reſign'd
To the queen's counſel his compliant mind;
On ſuch wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair.
To ſink a trench before the gates, they run,
Fix the ſtrong pile, and roll the ponderous ſtone.
Alarm'd, and ſummon'd by the trumpet's ſound,
Boys, maids and matrons crowd the ramparts round.
All aids theſe dire extremities demand,
Fire every heart, and ſtrengthen every hand.
Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
Ride with large preſents to Minerva's fane;
Lavinia grac'd her ſide; the royal fair;
The guiltleſs cauſe of the deſtructive war.
To earth her ſtreaming eyes the maid inclin'd;
In ſad proceſſion move the crowd behind.
They burn rich odours at the ſacred ſhrine,
And ſeek, with ſuppliant prayer, the powers divine:
Againſt the phrygian pirate, lend thy aid,
O queen of battles! great tritonian maid!
Break, break his javelin; let him meet his fate,
And grind the duſt beneath our lofty gate!
Meanwhile in arms the furious Turnus ſhone;
Firſt, the brave heroe drew the corſlet on;
Thick ſcales of braſs the coſtly work infold;
His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold,

Bare was his face; and, with a martial pride,
The ſtarry ſword hung glittering at his ſide.
Bold and exulting, with a dauntleſs air,
The mighty chief anticipates the war;
In his fond hopes already has he won
The field, before the battle is begun.
The golden ſplendors, dazling to the view,
Flaſh'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew.
So the gay pamper'd ſteed, with looſen'd reins,
Breaks from the ſtall, and pours along the plains;
With large ſmooth ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
Bathes his bright ſides, and cools his fiery blood;
Neighs as he flies; and, toſſing high his head,
Snuffs the fair females in the diſtant mead;
At every motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.
Him, at the gate, thus iſſuing to the plain,
Camilla meets with all her female train,
Leaps in a moment from her generous ſteed;
The beauteous band alight with equal ſpeed;
Prince, if the bold and brave (ſhe cries,) may dare
Truſt their own valour for ſucceſs in war;
Myſelf, with theſe, will ſtand the trojan force;
Myſelf will vanquiſh all the tuſcan horſe.
Guard thou the city; be that province thine;
But let the dangers of the field be mine.
O queen! thy country's pride, the chief replies,
(And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes;)
To ſuch uncommon worth, heroic maid!
What thanks are due? what honours can be paid?
Since thoſe, and death, you ſcorn with equal pride,
With me, the labours of the day, divide.

The

The Trojan, bent his fraudful ſcheme to frame,
(In this my ſpies confirm the voice of fame,)
Has ſent, before, his active troops, who wield
The lighter arms, to ſcour the open field.
Meantime himſelf, along the lofty crown
Of yon' ſteep mountain, haſtens to the town.
But, in the wood, an ambuſh I prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war.
He lies impriſon'd in that narrow ſtrait;
And, if he moves, he ruſhes on his fate.
Go thou, ſupported by our latian force,
Go---with ſpread enſigns meet the tuſcan horſe.
Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
With brave Meſſapus, wait thee to the fight.
Beneath thy care, ſhall march the martial band,
Fir'd by thy high example and command.
This ſaid; each chief he rouz'd to arms, and goes
With eager ſpeed to circumvent the foes.
A winding vale there lay, within the ſhade
Of woods, by nature for an ambuſh made.
To this, a rough and ſlender paſſage led;
Above, a ſmooth and level plain was ſpread,
Unknown, and ſtretching o'er the mountain's head.
There ſafe, the ſoldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' aſcending war, and urge the fight;
Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow,
And daſh the ponderous ruins on the foe.
Hither the prince (for well he knew the way,
Flew, ſeiz'd the poſt, and cloſe in ambuſh lay.
But now Latonia, in th' etherial ſphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear,

Beſpoke ſwift Opis, in a mournful ſtrain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:
Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
To ſeek the fatal war and brave the foes;
See! where ſhe ruſhes to the deathful plain,
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain!
Still from my ſoul the darling maid I lov'd,
And time the growing fondneſs has improv'd;
E'er ſince ſtern Metabus, her hapleſs ſire,
Forc'd by his rebel ſubjects to retire,
Fled from Privernum, his imperial town,
And loſt his old hereditary crown.
Safe he convey'd, thro' crowds of raging foes,
His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name;
And in his flight thro' wilds and deſerts came;
The ſavage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
And in his arms the lovely burthen bore;
While with their javelins, in an endleſs tide,
The Volſcians preſs'd their prince on every ſide,
When lo! old Amaſenus' ſtreams delay
His courſe, and foam acroſs the warrior's way.
For late, the flood, encreas'd with ſudden rains,
Had burſt the banks, and floated half the plains.
Firſt he reſolves to ſwim, and gain the ſhore,
But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
Thus while a thouſand ſchemes divide his breaſt,
Sudden, on this, he fixes as the beſt.
His mighty ponderous ſpear, of knotted oak,
Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took;
To this ſtrong lance the tender babe he bound,
With cork and pliant oſiers wrapt around.

Then

Then pois'd the loaded ſpear, in act to throw,
But for my favour firſt addreſs'd his vow:
To thee, chaſte goddeſs of the foreſt wild,
Behold! a father dedicates his child;
She flies for refuge to thy power divine,
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows are thine.
Thus then I ſend, to thy protecting care,
Thy little ſuppliant thro' the fields of air.
This ſaid; with all his force the lance he threw;
High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;
Then the bold warrior, preſs'd on every ſide
By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
The flood ſurmounted, and the javelin tore,
Charg'd with the ſacred infant, from the ſhore.
Each town with ſtern unhoſpitable hate,
Againſt the wandering monarch ſhut her gate:
Nor could he bear, (his ſcorn was grown ſo high,)
To ſtand diſtinguiſh'd by the publick eye.
From all ſociety of men he fled;
A ſhepherd's life among the mountains led;
There with his daughter paſt the hours away,
In dens of beaſts, and ſavages of prey;
Sought every foſter mother of the wood,
And in her lips diſtill'd the milky food.
Soon as the little Amazon cou'd go;
He on her ſhoulders hung a ſlender bow:
A ſmall light quiver at her ſide ſhe wore,
And in her hand a pointed javelin bore.
No rich embroider'd robes her limbs infold,
Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
The ſpoils of ſome fierce tiger wrapt her round,
That from her head, hung trailing to the ground,

Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling,
Or whirl the pebble from the ſounding ſling,
Strike the long crane, or ſnowy ſwan on high,
And fetch the towering quarry from the ſky.
Her charms ſurpriz'd the tuſcan matron train,
Who court the huntreſs for their ſons in vain.
Not all their courtſhip, nor their prayers could move
The maid, from ſworn virginity, to love.
With Dian's love content, ſhe keeps her vow;
She ſhoots my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow.
Ah! from my ſoul I wiſh, the hapleſs fair
Had never mingled in the direful war!
Then ſtill my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train!
But, ſince her doom is ſeal'd, her fate is nigh,
Deſcend, my nymph, this inſtant from the ſky.
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where ſee! in arms ſhe ruſhes on the fight.
Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful ſheath,
Draw forth the winged meſſenger of death.
And, who the ſacred virgin ſhall deſtroy,
Or of the latian bands, or ſons of Troy;
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
Let him atone the ſacrilege with blood.
Then will I bear the breathleſs maid away,
Her ſpoils and body in a cloud convey,
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And ſafe diſpoſe 'em in her native plains.
The goddeſs ſaid; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a ſounding whirlwind, down the ſkies.
Now to the walls (a cloſe-embody'd force,)
March the ſwift trojan and the tuſcan horſe;

Beneath

Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming courſers prance and bound,
Preſs on the rein, and proudly paw the ground.
Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms;
The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
Spears, nodding helms, and ſhields, with mingled rays,
Flame round, and ſet the region in a blaze.
Nor with leſs ſpeed, beneath Meſſapus' care,
The latian troops pour furious to the war.
Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.
O'er all diſtinguiſh'd in the martial ſcene,
Rode with her female train the volſcian queen.
Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
Protend, and poiſe, and ſhake the flaming lance.
Thick clouds of duſt, their trampling feet excite;
Th' impatient courſers neigh, and ſnuff the diſtant fight.
At length, within a javelin's reach appear
Both hoſts; and, ſhouting, join the horrid war;
Rouze to the fight their generous ſteeds, and pour
Their darts inceſſant, in a rattling ſhow'r.
In one dark ſtorm the ſounding lances fly,
Shade the bright ſun, and intercept the ſky.
Firſt, horſe to horſe, and man to man oppos'd,
The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed ſpear,
And urg'd his courſer in a full career;
The ſteeds, encount'ring with a thundering ſound,
Shock; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
Swift, as diſcharg'd from the loud engine flies
The glowing ſtone, or light'ning from the ſkies;

So ſwift the warrior, from his courſer far,
Shoots with a ſpring, and breathes his fiery ſoul in air.
Now all the latian horſe diſorder'd run,
(Their ſhields ſlung back) tumultuous, to the town.
The chace with cries the joyful Trojans led,
With great Aſylas thundering at their head.
Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train
Rein round their ſteeds, and face the foes again.
Then, in their turn, the vanquiſh'd Trojans wheel'd,
And, pale with terror, meaſur'd back the field.
Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the ſtrand
Swells the vaſt ocean, and invades the land.
Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
Till o'er the rocks the foamy ſurges fly.
Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again;
Rolls back, as rapid as ſhe came before,
With all the floating trophies of the ſhore.
Twice the Rutulians to the city flew;
And twice they rally, and the foes purſue.
Till in the third aſſault the hoſts engage;
Then burns the fight with unextinguiſh'd rage.
All, man to man, and breaſt to breaſt, oppos'd,
In one dire ſhock the charging ſquadrons clos'd.
Then bled the battle; and a load of ſlain,
Shields, helms and javelins, cover'd wide the plain.
In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd;
And cries and agonizing groans reſound
Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
And courſers plunging in the pangs of death.
With cautious eyes, Orſilochus from far
Obſerv'd ſtrong Remulus, and mark'd for war;

Nor durſt approach the chief; but hurl'd the ſpear,
With all his ſtrength, beneath his courſer's ear.
Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the wound,
He rears, and paws in air, with many a bound,
And caſt his hapleſs maſter on the ground.
Next bled Iolas by Catillus' ſteel;
By the ſame hand the huge Herminius fell:
All pale in death the mighty heroe lies;
Vain were his giant arms, and giant ſize;
Th' intrepid chief (his head and ſhoulders bare,
Tall and diſtinguiſh'd by his golden hair;)
Tower'd in the front, the mark of all the war!
Thro' his broad ſhoulders paſt the deadly wound,
Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
Now all the fields with crimſon ſtreams are dy'd;
And the vaſt carnage ſmokes on every ſide.
The charms of honour every boſom fire,
To win the day; or glorioufly expire.
Her breaſt half-naked, thro' the direful ſcene
Of blood and ſlaughter flew the volſcian queen.
The ſhafts and quiver at her ſide appear,
The poliſh'd bow, and all Diana's war.
Now the ſwift dart with matchleſs might ſhe caſt,
Now with her ax ſhe laid the battle waſte;
Ev'n when ſhe flies, ſhe bends the backward bow,
And ſends the winged vengeance at the foe.
Around, in pomp, her ſiſter warriors ride,
All bright in arms, and combate ſide by ſide.
Her brazen pole-ax, there, Tarpeia wields;
And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields;
Italian virgins; her ſupreme delight;
In peace her friends; her comrades in the fight.

So round their queen, Hippolyté the fair,
Or bold Penthesilé's refulgent car,
Move the triumphant amazonian train,
In bright array, exulting, to the plain.
Proudly they march, and clash their painted arms,
And all Thermodoon rings with loud alarms;
With female shouts they shake the sounding field,
And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the moony shield.
Who first, who last, by thy victorious hand,
Heroic maid! sunk breathless on the sand?
First, Clytius' son, the great Eumenius dies;
Thro' his broad breast the quivering javelin flies,
Grimly he grinds the dust, distain'd with blood,
And rolls, and welters in the crimson flood.
Liris and Pagasus at once are kill'd,
And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field!
One stoop'd, to reach his wounded courser's rein;
One flew, to prop his sinking friend in vain!
Now Hippotas' brave son Amastrus fell;
And now she threatens, with the pointed steel,
Tereus the swift, Harpalycus the strong,
And drove in heaps the hostile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful spear;
She pours, and hangs tempestuous in the rear.
Thus thro' the ranks of war she rag'd, and slew
A phrygian foe with every dart she threw.
The mighty hunter, Ornitus, from far,
On his apulian courser sought the war,
A bull's black hide his ample shoulders spread;
A wolf's rough spoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
A bended spear he brandish'd in his hand,
And tower'd conspicuous o'er the martial band.

With

With eaſe, as all the troops confus'dly fled,
She ſlew the foe, and thus inſults the dead:
Me, Tuſcan, didſt thou deem thy deſtin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?
Lo! by a woman's arms, this fatal hour,
That boaſt is anſwer'd, and thy vaunts no more!
Go!---let thy ſire the glorious tidings know;
Camilla ſent thee to the ſhades below!
Then on two trojan chiefs, of giant ſize,
Butes and tall Orſilochus, ſhe flies.
But Butes, face to face, ſhe brav'd in war;
Swift thro' the neck ſhe drove the pointed ſpear,
Where the bright helm and corſlet left a part,
To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.
From fierce Orſilochus the virgin wheel'd
At firſt, in flight diſſembled, round the field:
But, in a ring ſtill leſſening, to delude
The furious chief, ſhe fled, till ſhe purſu'd;
Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
Implores his life, high-riſing to the blow,
Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound;
The blood and brains ruſh ſmoaking to the ground.
The ſon of Aunus croſs'd her in her way,
And for a while ſtood trembling in diſmay;
A wretch, that like his own ligurian line
Cou'd cheat, while fortune favour'd the deſign.
Soon as he found it vain, to ſhun by flight
The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
Reſolv'd to circumvent the hoſtile maid,
Thus to the queen the low diſſembler ſaid:
Where is the mighty praiſe, to vaunt the force,
And truſt the ſwiftneſs of your rapid horſe?

Diſmiſs your ſteed, vain maid! and let us ſtand
Engag'd in ſingle combate, hand to hand.
Soon ſhall be known, proud princeſs, what you can,
When on theſe terms, a woman fights a man.
Thus he:---the queen ſprings furious on the plain,
From her fleet ſteed, and gives him to the train.
On foot ſhe dares the daſtard to the field,
Draws her bright ſword, and graſps her maiden ſhield.
Fluſh'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud ſucceed,
He turns, he flies, and, to his utmoſt ſpeed,
With goring ſpurs provokes his ſmoaking ſteed.---
Deluded fool! (ſhe cries, in lofty ſtrain,)
On me thy little arts are try'd in vain;
Nor hence, ev'n yet, in ſafety ſhalt thou run,
To pleaſe thy fire with falſhoods, like his own.
She ſaid; and, ſpringing with a fiery courſe,
The raging maid out-ſtrip'd the flying horſe;
Turn'd, ſeiz'd the reins; oppos'd in battle ſtood;
Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood.
Not with more eaſe the faulcon from above,
Shoots, ſeizes, gripes, and rends the trembling dove.
All-ſtain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the looſe plumes come fluttering down the ſky.

Meantime th' almighty ſire of men and gods,
Enthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,
Surveys the war, the tuſcan chief inſpires
With generous rage, and fills with martial fires.
Thro' all the cleaving ranks, with eager ſpeed,
Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid ſteed;
Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,
Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.
Ye ſcandal of your race, your country's ſhame!
Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!

What fear, ye cowards, every breaſt controuls,
Un-nerves your limbs, and chills your trembling ſouls?
Thus then from one flies all our ſcatter'd band!
Gods!---but from one, and from a female hand!
Oh! caſt away the ſword, the ſhield and ſpear;
That idle pomp and pageantry of war!
Yet were you never recreants to delight,
Nor to the ſofter battles of the night!
When pipes proclaim the ſacred revels nigh,
How ſwift, how eager, to the feaſt you fly!
In the full bowls you center all your love;
Pleas'd, when the prieſt invites you to the grove,
You run, and riot in the rich repaſt;
The firſt at banquets, but in fights the laſt!

He ſaid; and, bent on death, in deep deſpair,
Ruſh'd on his ſteed amidſt the thickeſt war.
Then urg'd at Venulus his furious courſe,
Seiz'd him at once and ſnatch'd him from his horſe.
Thus in his arms, with matchleſs ſtrength he bore,
Fierce as he rode, the hapleſs chief before.
His troops behold the ſcene with ſtrange ſurprize,
And peals of ſhouts run rattling round the ſkies;
While with his captive, all in open view,
O'er the wide field the fiery heroe flew.
The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
The chief explores a penetrable part,
And meditates the wound; the ſtruggling foe
Defends his throat, and diſappoints the blow.

As when th' imperial eagle ſoars on high,
And bears ſome ſpeckled ſerpent thro' the ſky;
While her ſharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,
In many a fold her curling volumes play;

Her ſtarting brazen ſcales with horror riſe;
The ſanguine flames flaſh dreadful from her eyes:
She writhes, and hiſſes at her foe, in vain,
Who wings at eaſe the wide aërial plain;
With her ſtrong hooky beak the captive plies,
And bears the ſtruggling prey, triumphant, thro' the ſkies.
So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew;
And, kindling at the fight, the troops their prince purſue.
Now Aruns on the volſcian princeſs waits,
(Aruns, the deſtin'd victim of the fates!)
Wheels round, and ſeeks with every wily art
The favouring moment to diſcharge the dart.
Where-e'er the furious maid her ſteps inclin'd,
The wretch in ſilence follows cloſe behind:
When from the conquer'd foes ſhe bends her courſe;
Thither th' inſidious warrior turns his horſe;
Oft ſhifts his place; runs anxious to and fro:
Flies round the circuit; and, in act to throw,
Aims his ſure javelin at the beauteous foe.
Chloreus, the prieſt of Cybelé, from far
Shone in bright arms amidſt the crowded war.
Magnificently gay, he proudly preſs'd
A prancing ſteed, in ſtately trappings dreſs'd;
Rich ſcales of braſs and gold, inwrought with art,
Grac'd with a mimic plumage every part.
Himſelf, in purple clad, amid the foe
Sent his ſwift arrows from a lycian bow.
Gold was the bow, that from his ſhoulder ſounds,
And gold the helmet, that his head ſurrounds.
His robes, with many a ruſsling ſilken fold,
With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold;
His crimſon tunic was embroider'd o'er;
And purple buſkins on his legs he wore.

This chief, she singles from the warring crew,
And, blind to danger, thro' the squadrons flew;
With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine;
Or that herself in trojan arms may shine.
All, all the woman in her bosom rose!
For this bright prize, she plung'd amid the foes!
When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his spear,
But first to heaven preferr'd his suppliant pray'r:
O Phœbus! guardian of Soracte's woods,
And shady hills; a god above the gods!
To whom our natives pay the rites divine,
And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine;
Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name;
Unhurt, unsing'd; and sacred from the flame;
Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
The deep dark stains of this disgraceful day.
Nor spoils, nor trophies from the maid I claim;
No--to my future life I trust for fame.
If by my hand this raging pest be slain,
I ask no honour; but retire again,
Pleas'd, tho' inglorious, to my native plain.

The god consents to half his warm request,
But in the fleeting winds dispers'd the rest.
Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r;
His safe return was lost in empty air.

Now as the javelin sings along the skies,
All to the volscian princess turn their eyes.
The fair rush'd on, regardless of the sound,
Till in her pap she felt the fatal wound.
Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon stood
Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to her succour fly her female train,
And in their arms the sinking queen sustain;

But far more swift affrighted Aruns fled
With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head.
Back he retires, all-trembling and dismay'd,
Nor cou'd he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid!
As when a prowling wolf, whose rage has slain
Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
Flies to the mountain with impetuous speed,
Confus'd and conscious of the daring deed,
Claps close his quivering tail between his thighs,
E'er yet the peopled country round him rise:
Not less confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight;
Shunn'd every eye, and mingled in the fight.
The dying queen, in agonizing pain,
Tugs at the pointed steel, but tugs in vain.
Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
She sinks, she swoons, she scarcely draws her breath,
And, all-around her, swim the shades of death.
The starry splendors languish in her eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
A maid she calls, the partner of her cares,
Her friend in peace; her sister in the wars.
Acca; no more;---for mortal is my wound;
A dizzy mist of darkness swims around;
The victory was mine; but ah! 'tis past!
This hour, this fatal moment is my last!
Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear;
Bid him, this instant to the field repair;
This instant, from the town the foe repell:---
And now, dear friend, a long and last farewell!
With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
And from her courser sunk upon the plain.

In

In thick ſhort ſobs the vital ſpirit flies,
Her head declin'd, and drooping as ſhe dies!
Her radiant arms beſtrow the field of fight,
Her ſoul, indignant, ſought the realms of night.
Then, from the hoſts the doubling clamours riſe,
And ſhouts tumultuous echo to the ſkies.
The trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
The tuſcan chiefs, with all th' arcadian horſe,
Ruſh furious to the field; the ſlaughter ſpread;
The tumult deepen'd, and the combate bled.
Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow,
A while unmov'd ſurvey'd the fight below.
But when from far ſhe ſaw Camilla ſlain,
And, round the corſe, the ſhouting hoſtile train,
Deep from her heaving ivory boſom broke
A mournful groan, and thus the goddeſs ſpoke:
Too, too ſeverely, much-lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou haſt paid!
In vain made ſacred by thy virgin vow
To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow!
Nor yet in death thy goddeſs will diſclaim
Her favour'd maid, but crown with endleſs fame!
Thy praiſe ſhall round the nations be diſplay'd,
And to thy fate due vengeance ſhall be paid.
This moment will I make that vengeance good;
The guilty wretch ſhall render blood for blood.
Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
A potent latian lord in former years;
A grove of venerable oaks diſplay'd,
Wide round the monument, a gloomy ſhade.
Hither the goddeſs took her rapid flight,
And ſpy'd gay Aruns from the towering height.

There

There as the youth exults, and ſwells with pride,
Whither, poor daſtard, wou'dſt thou fly? (ſhe cry'd)
Turn, wretch---this moment for thy guilt atone;
And for Camilla's death receive thy own.
Go---to the ſhades of hell, her victim, go,---
A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!
She ſaid; and inſtant from the golden ſheath
Drew forth the feather'd meſſenger of death.
Fierce in her rage, the circling horns ſhe bends
To the full ſtretch, and joins the doubling ends.
One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,
And to her breaſt ſtrain'd the tough nerve below.
At once the murderer heard the ſounding dart,
And felt the ſteely vengeance in his heart.
He lies deſerted by his ſocial train,
Pale and expiring on a foreign plain!
While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
And on ſpread pinions mounts the golden ſkies.
Firſt fled Camilla's band (their princeſs kill'd;)
Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.
Atinas' ſelf, the chiefs, and armies run,
And ſpur their ſmoaking courſers to the town.
Nor can the troops ſuſtain, nor dare oppoſe
The ſlaughtering ſwords of their victorious foes;
Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they ſlung;
And with their trampling ſteeds the ſounding champain rung.
The city now, th' advancing hoſt appalls:
A cloud of duſt, thick-gathering to the walls,
From the tall towers the trembling matrons ſpy;
And female ſhrieks, tumultuous, rend the ſky.
Mixt with their foes ruſh headlong thro' the gate
The latian ſquadrons, nor can ſhun their fate;

In

In vain for ſhelter to their houſes fly,
Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die.
Some cloſe the gates, exclude their ſocial train,
Who beg admiſſion to the town in vain.
While theſe defend th' endanger'd poſts, and thoſe
Ruſh on their ſwords, a dreadful ſlaughter roſe.
With piercing ſhrieks, and lamentable cries,
The children bleed before their parents eyes.
While cloſe behind advanc'd the thundering foe;
Some leap down headlong to the trench below;
Some with looſe reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous ſteeds againſt the gate.
But, when Camilla's corſe appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew,
And from the walls a ſtorm of javelins threw.
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough ſtaves repell the riſing war.
Fierce they ruſh on: they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.
Meanwhile to Turnus, ambuſh'd in the ſhade,
The careful nymph the diſmal news convey'd;
That in the fight the volſcian queen was ſlain,
That the proud foe purſu'd the vanquiſh'd train,
Who, fluſh'd with full ſucceſs, ruſh'd furious on,
And ſpread the growing terror to the town.
The chief, (for ſo his adverſe fates requir'd!)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd,
All-headlong leaves the guarded hills again;
But ſcarce deſcended to the ſubject plain,
E're the great Trojan ſeiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and iſſu'd from the wood.

By

By the black clouds of duſt, Æneas found
The latian hoſt embattled wide around.
And Turnus knew the dardan chief was near,
From the loud ſhouts, that thicken'd on his ear;
Perceiv'd the footſteps of the trampling foe,
And heard diſtinct the fiery courſers blow.
Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the ſun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red iberian ſea,
The panting ſteeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient powr's;
Theſe to defend; and thoſe to ſtorm the tow'rs.

The End of the Eleventh Book.

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a ſingle combate. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculouſly cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whoſe death the poem concludes.

WHEN Turnus ſaw the Latians in deſpair,
Sink with the weight of unſucceſsful war,
Himſelf the object of the publick ſpight,
Mark'd out, and ſummon'd to the promis'd fight;
The furious prince the ſingle combate claims,
And conſcious courage ſets his ſoul in flames.
As, pierc'd at diſtance by the hunter's dart,
The libyan lion rouzes at the ſmart;
And loudly roaring traverſes the plain;
Scourges his ſides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the ſpear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combate flies.
So ſtorm'd proud Turnus; and, in wrathful ſtrain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
Where is this trojan foe, ſo bold and brave?
Wou'd he retract the challenge that he gave?
My ſoul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.

Renew

Renew the truce, perform the ſacred rite;
This hour, this moment I demand the fight.
This hand ſhall wipe our late diſgrace away,
(Our hoſts may ſit ſpectators of the day!)
This truſty ſword the daſtard ſhall deſtroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy.
If not---I'll own him victor of the war,
And to his arms reſign the royal fair.

So ſpoke the furious prince, with ſcornful pride;
The king with mild benevolence reply'd:
The more, brave youth, thy try'd diſtinguiſh'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight,
The more it ſhou'd concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardor to aſſwage
With the cool caution of conſiderate age.
How many vanquiſh'd cities are thy own,
Beſides a fair hereditary throne?
Me too theſe wealthy warlike lands obey;---
Thus both may reign with independent ſway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features and illuſtrious race.
Then, undiſguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Tho' harſh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the latian line.
Won by thy birth, my conſort's tears and cries,
And my own love, I broke all ſacred ties,
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire ſource to tell what miſchiefs flow,
Wou'd be to mention, what too well you know,

Fights,

Fights, deaths, defeats, that ſpeak the wrath divine;
Where all the ſad preheminence is thine.
In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our laſt hopes are ſhelter'd in the town.
Huge heaps of bones ſtill whiten all the ſhore,
And the full ſtreams of Tyber ſmoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irreſolute and blind?
What changeful frenzy turns my wavering mind?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the ſtern debate may end!
How wou'd all Italy my name diſgrace!
How all my kindred of thy royal race!
Shou'dſt thou (which heaven avert) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed!
If I ſhou'd haſten to ſo ſad an end
My child's fond lover, and my generous friend!
Think on the turns of fate and chance of wars;
Pity thy reverend father's ſilver hairs,
Who mourns thy abſence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of ſo dear a ſon!
But no ſucceſs theſe warm intreaties found,
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce cou'd he ſpeak for rage, diſdain and pride;
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd:
O beſt of fathers! all this needleſs care
For Turnus' life, at his requeſt, forbear.
Life is a trifle, I with ſcorn diſclaim,
For the bright purchaſe of immortal fame.
This hand, theſe weapons too are fatal found;
And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound.
Nor in this combate ſhall his mother ſhroud
The recreant Trojan, in an airy cloud,

Nor shield the coward with her aid divine;---
This day, ye gods! this glorious day is mine.
But now the frantic queen, on these alarms,
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms:
Oh! grant me, Turnus, grant this one request;
If ever love or reverence touch'd thy breast
For lost Amata, to these sorrows yield,
Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field.
Regard, dear youth, regard my streaming tears;
Thou only prop of my declining years.
Our sinking house relies on thee alone;
On thee, our fame, our empire and the throne.
In thy misfortune must Amata join;
Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
With thee to death, for refuge will I run,
Nor live a captive to a trojan son.
With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
Her mother's cries, and answers with her tears.
A lovely blush the modest virgin warms,
Glows in her cheek, and lights up all her charms;
So looks the beauteous ivory, stain'd with red;
So roses, mixt with lilies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues---Then, gazing on the fair,
The heroe rag'd, more eager for the war.
And thus---O royal mother! cease your fears,
Nor send me to the fight with boding tears.
'Tis not in me, if heaven has fix'd my date,
To check th' unalterable course of fate.
Go, faithful herald, go; and instant bear
This dreaded message to the Phrygian's ear.
Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field;

Our

Our ſingle valour ſhall diſpute the day;
(The hoſts in peace the combate ſhall ſurvey.)
Thus ſhall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride.
He ſaid; and furious to the palace ſpeeds;
There, at his call, ruſh forth the fiery ſteeds,
Of matchleſs ſpirit and immortal kind,
White as the ſnow, and ſwifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pilumnus, bold and brave,
The ſires of theſe, Erectheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the generous courſers bound,
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground;
The grooms with combs their flowing manes divide,
And gently ſtroke their cheſts, and ſooth their noble pride.
Meantime the heroe drew his armour on;
With gold and burniſh'd braſs the cuiraſs ſhone.
The glittering helmet, next, his temples ſpread;
The crimſon creſt plays dreadful o'er his head;
He graſps the ponderous ſhield, and flaming blade,
The ſword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchleſs temper; which the fiery god
Had plung'd red-hiſſing in the ſtygian flood.
Laſt the bright ſpear he ſeiz'd, large, ſtrong and tall,
Prop'd on a column 'midſt the lofty hall;
The mighty Actor's ſpoil. The heroe ſhook
The beamy javelin; and with fury ſpoke:
My truſty ſpear, ſtill faithful to my hand!
Still wing'd with death, to anſwer my command;
Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield;
And mine now throws; the terror of the field!
In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain,
But ſtretch yon' phrygian eunuch on the plain;

Oh! give me, thro' his heart thy point to thruſt,
And ſoil his ſcented treſſes in the duſt,
The coſtly cuiraſs from his breaſt to tear,
And by one noble ſtroke to terminate the war!
Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies;
Keen flaſh the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns,
Bends his ſtern brows, and puſhes at the air,
And paws the flying ſands, the prelude of the war.
As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
The Trojan blazes in celeſtial arms;
To meet his rival in the field prepares,
Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
He ſets his ſorrowing friends and ſon at eaſe,
Expounds the fates' unchangeable decrees;
And inſtant bids the meſſengers report
The terms of combate to the latian court.
Scarce had the morn (all-beauteous to behold!)
Tip'd the blue mountains with a gleam of gold;
The ſun's fierce ſteeds, high-bounding o'er the ſea,
From their wide noſtrils ſnort the beams of day;
When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
And in juſt limits cloſe the lifted ground.
Then verdant altars raiſe to all the pow'rs
Of earth or heaven, whom either hoſt adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring
The ſacred fire, and water from the ſpring.
Here, with bright lances, all the trojan train
Pour thro' the opening portals to the plain:

The

The Trojans there, and Tuſcans in array,
And ranks embattled, bend their eager way.
Amid the thouſands with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders ſhine.
Here, towering o'er the troops Aſylas ſtood;
Great Mneſtheus there, of Troy's imperial blood.
There, brave Meſſapus, of immortal ſtrain,
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
The ſign now given thro' each impatient hoſt,
Each chief retires to his appointed poſt.
At eaſe the ſoldiers fall their ponderous ſhields,
And pitch their idle javelins in the fields.
Old ſires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crowds on crowds preſs forward thro' the gate.
But from the fam'd Albano's ſhady brows,
(Tho' then without a name the mountain roſe,)
The queen of heaven the latian town beheld,
The hoſts embattled, and the crowded field.
Then to brave Turnus' ſiſter, who preſides
O'er lakes and ſtreams, and awes the roaring tides,
(On the fair nymph, that province was beſtow'd
For her loſt honour, by the thund'ring god;)
Her fears the goddeſs of the ſkies expreſs'd;
And thus the goddeſs of the floods addreſs'd:
Queen of the founts and ſtreams, and far above
The race of latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Thoſe nymphs, who, by my wandering lord miſled,
Preſum'd to mount our own imperial bed;
Yet thee, I ſuffer'd in his grace to riſe,
And ſhare th' immortal honours of the ſkies.

With deep concern ſad tidings muſt I bear,
What I muſt grieve to ſpeak, and you to hear.
The latian ſtate and Turnus, in the war,
While fortune favour'd, were my conſtant care.
Now his inevitable hour draws nigh;
On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.
But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
Lo! I retire; nor can I bear the ſight.
If thou canſt ſave him yet from death, deſcend;
Some better fate thy efforts may attend;
Fly---and exert the ſiſter and the friend.
She ſaid; Juturna wept, by grief oppreſt,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her ivory breaſt.
Fly, Juno cries, and ſtop the dire debate,
Fly, fly, and ſnatch him, if you can, from fate.
Nor waſte the hours in tears, and vain deſpair,
Break, break the truce, and wake the ſlumbering war.
On me diſcharge the crime;---the goddeſs ſaid;
And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.
Now came the kings; four ſtately courſers bear,
In pomp, the latian lord's imperial car.
Twelve golden rays around his temples ſhone,
To mark his glorious lineage from the ſun.
Young Turnus next appear'd; two ſpears he held,
And two white courſers drew him to the field.
Æneas then advanc'd, with grace divine,
Th' illuſtrious father of the roman line;
High in his hand the ſtarry buckler rais'd;
And in immortal arms the heroe blaz'd.
With him his ſon Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's majeſtic race.

Slow

Slow the proceſſion moves, the ſacred prieſt
Stood by his altar, in the linen veſt;
A tender lamb for ſacrifice preferr'd,
And a young victim from the briſtly herd.
They turn their faces to the dawning day;
The ſalted cakes with ſolemn reverence pay;
The victims ſign'd, the foremoſt hairs they drew,
And on the hearth the firſt libations threw.
Then the great trojan prince unſheath'd his ſword,
And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.

Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou
Great ſource of day, be witneſs to my vow!
Almighty king of heaven and queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r;)
Thou Mars, enthron'd on great Olympus' height,
Lord of the field, and maſter of the fight;
Ye ſprings, ye floods, ye various powers who lie
Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden ſky;
Hear and atteſt! If, victor in the fray,
The daunian leader gains the glorious day;
My ſon his claim of empire ſhall releaſe;
My trojan ſubjects ſhall depart in peace.
But ſhould the conqueſt prove my happy lot,
(For ſo I think, and heaven confirm the thought!)
The Latians never ſhall my rule obey;
Already I diſclaim th' imperial ſway.
From fight let each unconquer'd nation ceaſe,
And join in leagues of everlaſting peace.
To king Latinus I reſign the care,
The pomp of ſtate, with all concerns of war,
And every regal claim;---the rites divine
And the religious province ſhall be mine.

For me my trojan friends a town ſhall frame,
And grace the towers with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he; then old Latinus lifts his eyes
And his right hand, with reverence to the ſkies.
By the ſame oath, by heaven and earth and main,
And all the powers, that all the three contain,
Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode;
Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god;
Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
And Jove, whoſe bolts avenge the broken vow!
To ſanctify my word, behold! I ſtand,
And on theſe hallow'd altars lay my hand:
Whate'er enſues, misfortune or ſucceſs,
No time ſhall break this ſolemn league of peace,
Nor ſhake my purpoſe; but entire and whole,
I'll keep the ſacred tenour of my ſoul;
No art ſhall win me, and no power compell,
Not, tho' the golden ſkies ſhould plunge to hell;
Yon' ſtarry ſplendors from their ſpheres ſhould fall,
And Ocean ſpread his waters o'er the ball.
Firm is the word, and ſure the oath I ſwore;
Sure, as this ſcepter ne'er ſhall flouriſh more;
No more its verdant honours ſhall renew,
Lopt from the mother tree where once it grew,
Now by the artiſt's hand adorn'd with braſs,
And worn ſucceſſive by our regal race!
The princes thus the ſolemn compact bound
By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.
The prieſts before the fires the victims ſlay,
Eager the ſmoking entrails rent away;
And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay.
But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppreſt,
And various tumults work in every breaſt.

Long ſince they ſaw their prince o'er-match'd in might,
And curs'd the terms of ſuch unequal fight.
Their dread encreaſes, as the chiefs draw near,
And Turnus' looks augment the general fear.
Trembling, aghaſt, he moves with ſilent pace,
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all his face.
Cloſe by the altars ſide, in care profound,
His penſive eyes he fixt upon the ground.
Soon as the ſiſter ſaw the giddy crowd
Had chang'd their minds, and ſpoke their fears aloud;
In great Camertes' form, of high renown,
For birth, his father's valour and his own,
Her flight amidſt the murmuring bands ſhe took,
Inflam'd their rage, and thus the hoſt beſpoke:
What ſhame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
On one to lay the whole ſucceſs of war!
Behold the utmoſt force the foe can boaſt,
The few poor relicks of their ſhatter'd hoſt.
Heav'ns---can we ſhrink from ſuch a ſlender pow'r!
Are not our men the ſame? our numbers more?
Should our whole army to the fight repair,
Scarce all their troops would half employ our war!
'Tis true, your heroe to the gods ſhall riſe,
A ſelf devoted victim to the ſkies.
Yet the brave chief eternal praiſe ſhall claim,
And live for ever in a length of fame.
While we, o ſhame! a baſe degenerate hoſt,
Look tamely on, and ſee our country loſt!
Stretch our vile hands to ſervitude abhorr'd,
And court the bondage of a foreign lord!
This fiery ſpeech inflam'd the liſt'ning train;
Thro' all the hoſt the gathering murmur ran.

Now chang'd, the Latians wiſh for peace no more,
But long to break the league they ſought before.
They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
With eager ardour to renew the war.
His ſiſter ſent (the tumult to improve,)
A falſe deluſive omen from above.
In pomp a towering eagle ſoars on high,
And ſudden, ſhooting from th' etherial ſky,
Drives a vaſt flock of watry fowls before,
On ſounding wings along the winding ſhore.
Then, where the floods in ſoft mæanders ran,
In his huge talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.
Th' aſtoniſh'd latian bands in courage riſe,
When lo! the flock, (more wond'rous to their eyes;)
Turn and purſue the victor thro' the ſkies.
Preſt by the foe, incumber'd with the prey,
He drops the prize, and wings th' aërial way;
With ſhouts the Latians hail th' auſpicious fight,
Range all their troops, and haſten to the fight.
'Tis what I wiſh'd, the long-expected ſign,
(Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the powers divine.
Riſe, follow me, my friends, your aid ſupply,
Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
While thro' your waſted ſhores the victor ſweeps;
Who now ſhall ſoon ruſh headlong to the deeps.
Haſte; ſave your leader from the fatal fray;
Cloſe, cloſe your ranks; engage; and win the day.
He ſaid; ſprung forth, and 'midſt the Trojans threw
His furious dart, that whiſtled as it flew.
Tumultuous ſhouts purſue the parting ſpear,
And all now grow more eager for the war.
Nine brave Arcadians at their ſquadrons head,
Gylippus' off ſpring by a tuſcan bed,

Shone in the front; the ſpear impetuous flew
Amidſt the brothers, and the youngeſt ſlew;
A lovely blooming youth; with fury caſt,
Beneath the belt the ſteely javelin paſt,
Transfix'd the ſtripling with a deadly wound,
And ſtretch'd him pale, and gaſping on the ground.
All-fir'd with vengeance for their brother ſlain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.
Some draw the glittering ſword, and ſome advance
With the broad ſpear, and ſhake the flaming lance.
With equal ſpeed, their ardor to oppoſe,
Pour forth in endleſs tides the latian foes.
As ſwift th' arcadian troops, with ſculptur'd ſhields,
Ruſh'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields.
Strait to their enſigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.
The madding crowd the ſacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars; toſs the fires around;
And ſeize the goblets; while the javelins fly
In iron ſtorms, and tempeſt all the ſky.
The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.
Some yoke the courſers to the car with ſpeed,
Some vault impetuous, on the ſnorting ſteed.
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright ſwords, and headlong ruſh to fight.
Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Meſſapus ſpurr'd his thund'ring horſe
Full on Auleſtes, with a furious ſpring,
Who wore the royal enſigns of a king.
O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in duſt, and grov'ling lay.

There at his length, extended on the plain,
He pleads for mercy, but he pleads in vain!
Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid ſpeed,
Shook his huge ſpear, and, bending from the ſteed,
Transfixt the monarch; then, inſulting, cries;
He bleeds!--- this victim ſure muſt pleaſe the ſkies!
The joyful Latians, eager for the prey,
Strip the warm corſe and bear the ſpoils away.
Then, as the mighty Ebuſus drew near,
And at bold Chorinæus ſhook the ſpear,
He ruſh'd againſt him with a furious pace,
Snatch'd a red brand, and daſh'd it on his face.
Thro' ambient air a noiſom ſcent expires,
As the long beard ſhrunk crackling in the fires,
Stun'd as he ſtood with ſudden darkneſs round,
The raging victor drags him to the ground;
Then ſeiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd,
And plung'd the vengeful faulchion in his ſide.
From Podalirus, eager to purſue;
Thro' the firſt ranks, the ſhepherd Alſus flew;
Then turn'd, and, with his ax deſcending full,
Cleaves at one dreadful ſtroke his ſhatter'd ſkull.
With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
The thirſty ſands are drench'd with ſtreams of gore.
An iron ſleep came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.
But the juſt trojan prince, amidſt the band,
Without his helmet ruſh'd, and ſtretch'd his hand:
Whither, my friends, ah! whither wou'd you run?
The terms ſtand fixt; the combate is my own.
Diſmiſs your fears; nor my revenge purſue;
For Turnus, Turnus is your general's due.

That

That victim, theſe religious rites demand,
Already ſacred to this conqu'ring hand.
While yet he ſpoke; loud-hiſſing thro' the ſkies,
With thirſty rage, a feather'd arrow flies;
And reach'd the heroe with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or aſſiſting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe beſtow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty hoſt was found,
Who claim'd the merit of ſo baſe a wound.
The chiefs aſtoniſh'd, Turnus now beheld,
And the brave prince retiring from the field,
High hopes of conqueſt in his boſom riſe;
Strait for his courſers, and his arms, he cries;
Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car,
Shakes the looſe reins, and ruſhes to the war.
Raging he ſpreads the growing ſlaughter round,
Some foes expire; ſome welter on the ground!
Some fly--- in vain! for, ſwifter than the wind,
His winged lance arreſts 'em from behind.
Fierce o'er the proſtrate foes the heroe rolls
His whirling wheels, and cruſhes out their ſouls.
As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
Flies to the combat on his rattling car;
Frowns, ſhouts, and, claſhing on his dreadful ſhield,
Laſhes his fiery courſers to the field:
The ſteeds devour the ground, out-ſtrip the wind,
And leave the pinions of the ſtorm behind.
Thrace feels thro' all her realms their furious courſe,
Shook by the prancings of the thundering horſe.
Fear, fraud, and force, and flight! a ghaſtly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.

So drove ſtern Turnus with reſiſtleſs might,
His ſmoking courſers o'er the field of fight;
Their rapid hoofs thro' heaps of carnage tore,
Plung'd deep into the ſands, diſtain'd with gore;
O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they daſh the bloody duſt around.
Now hapleſs Tamyris and Pholus fell,
And now he ſent bold Sthenelus to hell.
Theſe, hand to hand, he ſlew, approaching near;
The laſt, at diſtance, with his pointed ſpear:
At diſtance both th' Imbracides expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant ſire;
In cloſer fight, the dauntleſs warriors join'd;
Or diſtanc'd with their ſteeds the winged wind.
There with high vaunts ruſh'd proud Eumedes on,
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's ſon.
Baſe as his father, with his grandfire's name,
The recreant ſoldier ſought the field of fame,
But with the luckleſs fortune of his ſire,
Who claim'd Pelides' courſers for his hire,
When ſent the grecian army to explore;
Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more,
Slain by Tydides' hand, reſign'd his breath,
And ſhar'd a juſter recompence in death!
Him when the daunian heroe ſpy'd from far,
Firſt a light dart he launch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet ſteeds, and, furious, quits the car;
Stood o'er the Trojan, proſtrate as he lay,
Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the ſword away.
Then thro' his throat the deadly faulchion thruſt,
And thus inſults him groveling in the duſt.
Lie there, poſſeſs the land thy valour gains!
And meaſure, at thy length, our latian plains!

Such, such deſerv'd rewards I ſtill beſtow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
Theſe realms, ye proud preſumptuous ſons of Troy!
Next by his flying ſpear Aſbutes bled,
A ſecond lance lay'd mighty Chloreus dead.
In Dares' breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel,
And ſent the bold Therſilochus to hell.
Then pierc'd Thymætes with a fatal wound,
Whoſe flound'ring ſteed had caſt him to the ground.
As o'er th' ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the ſhores,
The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
And break, and ſcatter thro' the ruffled ſky:
So where bold Turnus ruſh'd inflam'd with ire,
Their orders ſcatter, and whole hoſts retire.
Whirl'd on his rapid car, the heroe gains
New rage, new vigour, as he ſweeps the plains.
High o'er his helm his crimſon creſt, inclin'd
By every breath, nods dreadful in the wind!
No more, in proud diſdain, cou'd Phegeus bear,
To ſee the heroe rule the tide of war.
But, raſhly furious, to the car proceeds,
Seiz'd the looſe reins, and turn'd the flying ſteeds.
Him, as ſuſpended on the yoke he hung,
By the ſwift chariot drag'd in duſt along,
Thro' the bor'd corſlet, the ſharp javelin found,
And raz'd the warrior with a ſlender wound.
Yet with his ſhield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandiſh'd ſword aſſaults the foe.
The whirling wheels with fiery ſpeed impell'd,
Soon ſhoot him headlong on the ſanguine field.

Swift Turnus follow'd; and his faulchion drew;
Between the cuiraſs and the head it flew:
The guſhing blood diſtains the ſands around,
And the pale trunk lay groveling on the ground.
Thus while the conquering chief his progreſs held,
Rage'd, ſtorm'd, and reign'd the maſter of the field;
Achates, Mneſtheus, and the royal heir
Attend the trojan prince with duteous care,
(As prop'd, and leaning on the ſpear, he went,)
And plac'd the bleeding heroe in the tent.
The ſteel deep-riveted, with eager hands
He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
More wide to lay the wound, a paſſage bare,
Unroot the dart, and ſend him to the war.
Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had proffer'd to beſtow
His lyre, his bays, his preſcience, and his bow.
But, (to prolong his drooping father's days,)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre and bays,
And preſcient ſkill; but choſe the healing part,
A ſilent, uſefull, tho' inglorious art.
Unmov'd with all the ſorrow and the care
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
His mighty ſpear th' impatient chief ſuſtains,
Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing pains.
The ſage now haſtens to the taſk aſſign'd,
And firſt diſpatchful tucks his robes behind;
Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
To cool the ſmart, and mitigate the wound.
His hands ſollicite now with tender art;
Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.

At

At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r;
And nearer every moment pour'd the war.
Thick and more thick the growing horrors riſe;
A cloud of duſt involves the golden ſkies.
The trampling ſteeds, the thundering foes drew nigh,
And 'midſt the camp the ſhowering javelins fly.
The mingling cries, from every part reſound;
Some ſhout, ſome groan, ſome gaſp upon the ground.
Now touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Deſcends the goddeſs mother on the plain.
A branch of ſovereign dittany ſhe bore,
From Ida gather'd, on the cretan ſhore.
Luxuriant leaves the taper ſtalk array;
The ſtalk in flowers; the flowers in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at diſtance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuſes in the golden vaſe;
Tempers with ſcented panacee the whole,
And with ambroſial liquors crowns the bowl.
Nor knew the ſage the ſuccour that he found,
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
At once the throbbing anguiſh paſt away;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
The dart, tho' deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and anſwers the phyſician's hand.
His former vigour now ſucceeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her powers again.
Iapis firſt perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he ſaw the cure; and firſt impell'd
The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.

Arma

Arms for the chief, he cries; prepare his arms;
And inſtant ſend him to the dire alarms.
This cure, great heroe, is no work of mine,
Nor mortal art; but done by hands divine.
Thy life ſome guardian god has made his care,
Who ſends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.
The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
His manly legs with golden greaves before.
Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took,
And in his hand the ponderous weapon ſhook.
High on his arm the heavenly ſhield he rais'd;
And, on his breaſt, the radiant cuiraſs blaz'd.
Then, with a cloſe embrace he ſtrain'd his ſon;
And kiſs'd him thro' his helm, and thus begun.
From me true courage, and in camps to dare;
From others learn, my ſon, ſucceſs in war.
I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee in the dreadful day.
To crown thee with a bright immortal name,
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.
Thy ſoul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle and thy martial ſire!
So ſpoke the heroe, and, by rage impell'd,
Tower'd from the tent, majeſtic, to the field;
Shook a huge javelin in his vigorous hand;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mneſtheus led th' embattled train,
And all ruſh'd furious to the deathful plain.
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of duſt involve the region round.

Now

Now Turnus and his hoſt the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field.
Th' aſtoniſh'd troops a general fear confounds,
But firſt his ſiſter heard the dreadful ſounds.
Too well ſhe knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.
Fierce, with their leaders, march the trojan train;
And the black ſquadrons darken all the plain.
As when ſome tempeſt o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the ſhores;
With boding hearts the peaſants hear from far
The ſullen murmurs of the diſtant war;
Foreſee the harveſts levell'd with the ground,
And all the foreſts ſpread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
Flies, and proclaims the furious ſtorm behind.
So ſwift, ſo furious great Æneas flew,
And led againſt the foes the martial crew.
The thick'ning ſquadrons, wedg'd in cloſe array,
In one black body win their deſperate way.
By Mneſtheus ſlain, in duſt Archetius lies,
And by Thymbræus' ſword Oſiris dies.
Next Gyas' lance the mighty Uſens ſped,
And Epulo by brave Achates bled.
Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whoſe fatal ſpear,
Launch'd at the dardan hoſt, renew'd the war.
A peal of ſhouts, tumultuous, tore the ſky,
And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
But with diſdain the trojan heroe glows;
Nor waſtes his vengeance on inferior foes.
He ſcorns to fight the few, who ſtand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying crowds to wound:

Turnus,

Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
To fight, and hunts him thro' the dusty cloud.
On this, his anxious sister seiz'd with fear,
Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer,
Metiscus the renown'd; tost far away,
The wondering chief beneath the harness lay.
Herself assumes his armour, voice and air,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car.
As the black swallow, that in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamours of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloyster takes,
Now, sportive winds, or skims along the lakes:
So flies the goddess on the rapid car,
From side to side, and traverses the war;
Now here, now there, she brings the chief to fight,
But still she turns him from the fatal fight.
Nor less the prince unravels all her ways,
And hunts his foe thro' every various maze,
Thrids all the shifting course, and breaks the crowd
With furious speed, and calls the chief aloud.
Oft as he spy'd him and approach'd the car,
As oft his sister plung'd amid the war.
Where-e'er the trojan heroe bends his course;
Averse, the goddess turns the flying horse.
What should he do? a thousand thoughts divide
His wavering soul, that points to every side!
When, lo! Messapus cross'd him in the field,
And in his hand two shining javelins held.
One, at the prince, with level'd aim, he threw,
Beneath his shield the cautious prince withdrew;

Low

Low bending on his knee, ſecure he lay;
But the ſwift javelin ſtrikes his plume away.
Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd,
That ſtill his rival fled, as he purſu'd;
He firſt invok'd the Thund'rer to redreſs
The rites profan'd, and violated peace.
Then ruſh'd amid the train; no check nor bound
His fury knew, but ſtretch'd the ſlaughter round.
The faithleſs foes he thinks it vain to ſpare,
And fir'd with vengeance, gives a looſe to war.
What god will now inſpire me, to diſplay
The rage of death, and horrors of the day?
What crowds of heroes periſh'd on the plain,
By mighty Turnus, and Æneas ſlain!
Was it thy will the nations ſhould engage,
(Great ſire of heav'n) with ſuch unbounded rage?
So ſoon from war and violence to ceaſe,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlaſting peace?
Æneas firſt ſlew Sucro in the fight,
Whoſe ſword had turn'd the trojan troops to flight.
With a ſwift ſtroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly faulchion in his ſide.
Then with his brother, Amycus was kill'd,
Caſt from their ſteed by Turnus on the field.
With the long lance, this towering chief he gor'd;
Thro' that impetuous, drove the pointed ſword.
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that drop'd with livid gore;
Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus ſlew.
With them of theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's ſon; and ſunk to hell.

Then

Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come,
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
Next poor Menætes by his arm was slain,
Who shunn'd so long the dreadful war in vain.
A skilful angler; once he made abode,
Bless'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood.
There dress'd his father, to the great unknown,
A stranger field, and furrows not his own.
As the fierce flames thro' the tall forest fly,
This way and that, and kindle all the sky;
Or rapid torrents from the mountains sweep,
Roar down the sides, and thunder to the deep;
With weight resistless, and destructive sway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:
So thro' the field, in different parts engag'd,
As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd.
They burst with wrath; they rise to every blow;
They send their souls with every lance they throw.
A rock's vast weight the great Æneas threw,
Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings
His vaunted lineage from the latian kings.
Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
Amidst the harness, and incumber'd lies;
The coursers startle at the flaming sword;
Paw down, and trample on their dying lord.
On Hyllus, Turnus rush'd with all his might,
As fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
The javelin flew, and stung him to the brain;
Nor thee, the bravest of the grecian band,
Thy valour, Creteus, sav'd from Turnus' hand!

Next

Next fell the prieſt Cupentus in the ſtrife,
Nor his own gods could guard his ſacred life!
Full in his breaſt Æneas plung'd the dart,
That pierc'd the ſhield, and quiver'd in his heart.
Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
And ſunk, a bulk enormous, on the field!
Whom not the grecian heroes could deſtroy,
Nor all their armies in the wars of Troy,
Nor great Achilles with his vengeful ſteel,
Tho' by his arm the phrygian empire fell.
Here ends his life; his ſtately palace ſtood
Beneath fair Ida's conſecrated wood!
There liv'd the mighty man; his cold remains
At length lie buried in the latian plains!
Now in all parts the martial ſquadrons wage
A general war, with undiſtinguiſh'd rage.
The latian, trojan, and rutulian force,
The tuſcan cohorts, and arcadian horſe,
Beneath their chiefs, embattled, ſpread the plain;
Here Mneſtheus, there Sereſtus fires the train;
Here great Aſylas ſwept the field; and there
Storm'd brave Meſſapus, the renown'd in war.
Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
With all the fate of his great general lay;
No ſtop, no check the fiery warriors knew,
With their long toils their kindling ardor grew,
And with freſh vigour to the combate flew.
But Venus now inſpires her godlike ſon
To leave the field, and ſtorm th' imperial town.
As following Turnus thro' the ranks he flies,
From ſide to ſide he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full ſurvey,
Exempt from war, the fenceleſs city lay.

He views the promis'd prize with ſtern delight;
His ſoul takes fire, and kindles at the ſight.
Sudden the heroe calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a riſing ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample ſhields and ſhook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader ſpoke.
Attend, and inſtant theſe commands obey,
Inſpir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way.
All ſpeed this noble enterprize demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
This day, this hour, unleſs the Latians yield,
And own your chief the victor of the field,
Ev'n from the loweſt ſtone my rage ſhall tear
Yon' town, the ſource of this deſtructive war.
Yon' perjur'd court my vengeance ſhall confound,
And thoſe proud towers lie ſmoking on the ground.
Twice have we vanquiſh'd the rutulian train;
Still muſt I wait till Turnus will be ſlain?
No!--at yon' walls the ſure deſtruction aim,
Revenge the broken league with ſword and flame.
Your arms againſt the guilty city bend;
There the dire war began, and there ſhall end.
Rouz'd at the word, all-wedg'd in firm array,
Strait to the town the ſquadrons urge their way.
They toſs the brands, the ſcaling engines rear,
And round the ramparts roſe the ſudden war.
Some to the portals fly with ſpeed, and ſlay
The guards or citizens, who croſs their way.
Some hurl the vengeful darts; the javelins fly
In duſky clouds, and intercept the ſky.
Æneas, rais'd his hand, amid the crowd,
Calls and upbraids the latian prince aloud,

Obteſting heaven, that wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a ſecond war began.
But mad confuſions in the city riſe;
'Tis tumult all; for all at once adviſe.
Theſe arm, and fly to guard the walls; and thoſe,
More loud, demand admiſſion for the foes.
Some to renew the peace, with clamours bring
Ev'n to the gates the helpleſs hoary king.
So when the ſwain invades, with ſtifling ſmoke,
The bees cloſe-cluſter'd in a cavern'd rock,
They riſe; and trembling for th' endanger'd ſtate,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate,
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous ſwarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarſe alarms.
The ſteams offenſive roll the cells around;
Their ſullen murmurs thro' the rock reſound;
While, thick'ning, thro' the cleft the ſmokes ariſe,
And in a length of vapours mount the ſkies.
But to compleat and aggravate their fears,
A new miſchance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempeſt fly;
The ramparts ſtorm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
Many a long look ſhe caſt, but caſt in vain!
And in her fears concludes the heroe ſlain;
She raves againſt the gods in wild deſpair;
She calls herſelf the auth'reſs of the war.
A thouſand plaints ſhe vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.

Then,

Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The nooſe diſhoneſt, and obſcenely dy'd.
Soon thro' the court the dreadful rumour ran;
With frantic ſorrow rave the female train.
Struck with ſuperior grief, Lavinia tears
Her blooming roſy cheeks, and golden hairs.
To their loud ſhrieks the palace walls reply;
Thence thro' the town the fatal tidings fly.
All feel the ſtroke; and all, the loſs lament;
His royal robes the reverend monarch rent.
In wild deſpair, with furious hands he ſpread
A cloud of duſt o'er all his hoary head;
And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving ſcene!)
His ruin'd empire, and ſelf-murder'd queen.
Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himſelf alone,
That raſhly he refus'd the Trojan for his ſon.
But now more ſlow his progreſs Turnus held,
And chas'd a few poor ſtragglers o'er the field.
With heartleſs cheer, dejected, he proceeds;
And with their maſter flag the fiery ſteeds.
He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
Shrieks, cries, and ſhouts, that thicken in the wind.
Alas! he cries, what clamours ſtrike my ear!
What ſounds diſtreſsful from the town I hear!
Then to the heroe, as the ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Thus in the driver's form the ſiſter ſaid;
This way, my lord, your former courſe purſue,
And urge your conqueſt o'er the hoſtile crew.
Your friends defend the town; th' Italians there
Wage with the dardan chief an equal war.
Againſt his Trojans let us bend our way,
As numerous, valiant, and renown'd as they.

Siſter,

Sister, the chief replies, whom well I know,
(Tho' in a mortal form conceal'd from view)
When you dissolv'd the league, by art with-held
The single fight, and mingled in the field,
O say! what power dispatch'd thee from the skies,
With this sad scene to shock thy mournful eyes?
To share the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witness of thy brother's fate?
That brother soon must perish on the plains!
For ah! what chance, what beam of hope remains?
I saw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death;
Ev'n yet I see the warrior bite the ground,
And the soul rushing thro' the mighty wound!
I saw, where, stretch'd in dust, brave Ufens lay,
Nor liv'd, this scene of ruin to survey,
But shut out bondage from his closing eyes;
His corse and arms remain the victor's prize.
And shall I see the city wrap'd in flame?
What else was wanting to compleat my shame?
How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight!
Gods!---how will Drances point them to the sight!
But oh!---shall Latium see her heroe fly?---
Is it so terrible but once to die?---
Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below!
Since every pow'r celestial is my foe.
Lo! I descend to your infernal coast,
From realms of light, a great and glorious ghost,
White and unsullied with that dire disgrace,
Nor stain the splendors of my regal race!
While yet he spoke, athwart the war with speed
Flew bleeding Sages on his foamy steed.

Full in his face a feather'd arrow ſtood;
And to the daunian chief he calls aloud.
Turnus on you, our laſt, laſt hope depends;
Oh! haſte in pity, and relieve your friends.
For raging, to the town Æneas pours,
To level with the duſt the latian tow'rs.
See! o'er the roofs the fires tempeſtuous riſe!
Hark!---how they roar, and thunder in the ſkies!
All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone,
The king himſelf ſtands doubtful which to own,
You, or your trojan rival for his ſon.
Yet worſe---his queen, till now your chief ſupport,
Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court.
Meſſapus only with Atinas ſtands,
To guard the gates, and animate the bands,
Whom in wedg'd ranks the hoſtile troops incloſe;
And round 'em thick an iron harveſt grows.
While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train,
And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!
A thouſand various thoughts confound the chief,
He ſtood, he gaz'd; his boſom ſwell'd with grief;
Pride, conſcious valour, fury, love and ſhame,
At once ſet all the heroe in a flame.
Soon as his ſoul recover'd from the ſtroke;
Soon as, diſpers'd, the cloud of paſſion broke;
Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
Where the fierce fires in burning torrents riſe
O'er the tall roofs; and curling to the ſkies,
Had wrapp'd a tower in flames, ſublime and ſtrong,
Rais'd by himſelf, that roll'd on wheels along.
Whence the bold ſoldier broke the war below,
And rain'd an iron tempeſt on the foe.

Now, ſiſter, fate prevails; no more delay;
I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way.
Prepar'd the bitterneſs of death to bear,
I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
No more thoſe eyes ſhall view thy brother's ſhame,
Purſu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame;
Give me, give me, goddeſs, in this martial fire,
This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.
He ſaid; and ſudden with an eager bound,
Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground;
Leaves his lamenting ſiſter, in deſpair;
Springs thro' a ſtorm of darts, the prince to dare;
And burſts impetuous thro' the ranks of war.
As when, by age, or rains, or tempeſts torn,
A rock from ſome high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and ſwains, involving in the ſweep,
The maſs flies furious from th' aërial ſteep,
Leaps down the mountain's ſide, with many a bound,
In fiery whirls, and ſmokes along the ground:
So to the city, thro' the cleaving train,
Thro' ſtreams of blood, that drench the purpled plain,
While round his head the whiſtling javelins play,
As ſwift, the raging heroe breaks his way.
Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus beſpoke his ſocial band:
To me, ye Latians, the whole war reſign,
All, all the fortune of the field is mine.
'Tis juſt, ye warriors, that your chief alone
Aſſert the compact, or its breach atone.
I claim, I claim the right, in ſingle fray,
To meet my rival, and decide the day.

Back at the word the ſquadrons are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.
Now the great trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
Fierce from the town in all his terrors came;
Leaves every ſecond work of war behind;
Joy, pride, and courage raiſe his daring mind.
All-fluſh'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
The godlike prince moves forward to the fight;
He burns impatient for the dire alarms;
And thunders in the bright vulcanian arms.
With vaſt gigantic ſtrides, he towers on high,
And looks a ſecond Athos in the ſky,
Or Eryx, that in heaven his forehead ſhrowds;
Or father Appennine involv'd in clouds,
When with a depth of ſnows his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves, majeſtic, wave around.
Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down;
And all the nations, ſtudious of the fight,
Their arms unbuckled, to ſurvey the fight.
Ev'n death ſtands ſtill; and, o'er the crowded plains,
Thro' the long ranks, a ſolemn ſilence reigns.
Nor leſs amaz'd, the latian lord beheld
Two chiefs engag'd in combate on the field,
By love, fate, honour and ambition led,
To try their title to his daughter's bed.
Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their ſpears; their claſhing ſhields reſound;
Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground.
Then their bright ſwords the raging champions drew,
And with repeated blows the charge renew.

Courage,

Courage, and chance, and ſtrength, in both unite;
And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight.
As, where proud Sila's tow'ring ſummits riſe,
Or huge Taburnus heaves into the ſkies,
With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage,
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage:
Far from the ſcene the trembling keepers fly;
Struck dumb with terror, ſtand the heifers by;
Nor know which lord the ſubject herds ſhall lead,
And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
Fierce ſtrokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er,
Their dewlaps, necks and ſides are bath'd in gore;
The mountains, ſtreams, and woods, rebellow to the roar.
So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
So claſh their ſhields, and echo to the ſky.
Now Jove ſuſpends his ſcales; two different weights
He caſt in both, and try'd the warriors fates.
This, light with conqueſt, to the gods aſcends;
That, charg'd with death, ſinks downward to the fiends.
With his drawn faulchion Turnus ſtrikes the foe
On his full ſtretch, and riſes to the blow.
Loud ſhouts and groans ſucceed; each army bent
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event;
When lo! all-ſhatter'd flies the traitor ſword,
And in the ſtroke deſerts the daunian lord.
A ſtranger hilt he ſpies, and ſhakes in vain,
All, all his hopes, in flight alone remain,
And ſwifter than the wind, he darts along the plain.
For when the chief firſt vaulted on the car
With headlong haſte, and ruſh'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd ſword, 'tis ſaid,
And ſeiz'd his charioteer Metiſcus' blade;

And, ev'n with this, the growing ſlaughter ſpread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
But when the mortal ſteel a ſtroke beſtow'd
On heavenly arms, the labour of a god!
The faulchion, faithleſs to the warrior's hand,
Broke ſhort---the fragments glitter'd on the ſand.
O'er the wide field diſtracted Turnus ſprings,
And flies with wild affright in mazy rings.
For here he views th' embattled trojan pow'rs;
Here a vaſt lake; and there the latian tow'rs.
But ſtill his foe, tho' tardy from his wound,
Treads all his ſteps, unravl'ing every round.
As the fleet ſtag, by the ſtaunch hound purſu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now ſhoots along the flood;
Now from the meſhy toils with terror ſprings;
Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the ſtrings:
He ſtarts, he pants, he ſtares with wild amaze,
And flies his opening foe a thouſand ways.
Cloſe at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound,
Turns, as he turns, and traces all the ground.
On his full ſtretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.
Forth darts the ſtag---his foe, caſt far behind,
Catches but empty air, and bites the wind.
The hunters ſhout; the ſtreams, the rocks reply;
And the tumultuous peals run rattling round the ſky.
Thus, flying in diſtreſs, the daunian lord
Calls on his friends; demands his truſty ſword.
But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
Forbids the bands the weapon to ſupply;
Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
Th' imperial town to level with the ground.

O'er

O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
This heroe leads, and that purſues the chace.
No light reward muſt crown their eager ſtrife;
The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life!
To Faunus ſacred had an olive ſtood;
The ſhipwreck'd ſailors, on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted veſts in honour of the god.
But late, to leave the field for combate free,
The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
Full in the root, Æneas drove his ſpear,
The dart, deep-riveted, ſtood trembling there.
The heroe, ſtruggling with inceſſant pain,
Now bends to diſengage the lance again;
And with his dart, at leaſt, o'ertake the foe,
Who, frighted, to the god preferr'd his vow.
Thy ſuppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
And thou, kind mother Earth, detain the ſpear;
If ſtill I honour'd with a pious hand
Your plant, by guilty Troy with ſteel profan'd.
Thus he; the god attends his humble ſtrain,
The Trojan labours at the root in vain;
There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
Fierce, and impatient to renew the fight,
Once more Juturna to the chief reſtor'd
(In brave Metiſcus' form) his temper'd ſword.
This heavenly Venus view'd with high diſdain,
And from the root releas'd the dart again.
Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance,
One ſhook the ſword, and one the flaming lance.
Their heaving boſoms ſwell with ſtern delight,
Pant for the combate, and demand the fight.

Then

Then to his conſort, who the war ſurvey'd
Thron'd on a golden cloud, the Thund'rer ſaid:
What ſchemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate?
You know, and own, Æneas ſoon muſt riſe
From earth, already ſacred to the ſkies.
Long ſince, thoſe glories to the chief are ow'd,
And heaven now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpoſe then this fruitleſs care?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?
Say, was it juſt, to wake the dire alarms?
To violate a god with mortal arms,
When the bold ſiſter to the chief reſtor'd,
By thy aſſiſtance, his paternal ſword?
(For what without thy ſuccour could ſhe dare?)
And ſent the vanquiſh'd Turnus to the war!
At length, at length, the needleſs ſtrife give o'er;
At my requeſt, indulge your rage no more,
Nor let revenge, dire enemy to reſt,
For ever prey on that immortal breaſt.
Oh! let thy lord thy ſecret ſorrow ſhare,
Or, more than ſhare it, give me all thy care!
To their laſt ſacred point the fates are come;
Here, here they fix th' unalterable doom.
The latian court in ruins could you lay,
And drive the Trojans o'er the land and ſea;
Profane with blood the holy bridal rite,
Rekindle war, and urge 'em to the fight;
This we indulg'd; now give thy efforts o'er
At our command; and thwart the fates no more.
So ſpoke th' imperial ſovereign of the ſkies;
And, in ſubmiſſive terms, the queen replies:

Great

Great fire! becauſe thy ſacred will I know,
I left my Turnus to his doom below.
Nor had I ſate, but at the will of Jove,
Diſgrac'd and penſive in the clouds above;
But in the front of fight my foes engag'd,
And wrap'd in flames, thro' all the battle rag'd;
I bade Juturna mingle in the ſtrife,
Nay, venture more, to ſave a brother's life.
That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
Or hurl a ſingle javelin at the foe.
This, this, I ſwear, by the black ſtygian floods,
The ſole dread ſanction of th' immortal gods:
Now back to heaven, great father, I repair,
And from this hour renounce the hateful war.
But yet I beg, o ſovereign of the ſky!
What not the hardeſt laws of fate deny;
For your own Latium I implore this grace,
This honour for your own majeſtic race;
When by theſe nuptials both the realms combine,
And in firm leagues of peace and friendſhip join;
Still may thy Latians, ſtill remain the ſame,
Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or name!
May the great race of alban monarchs reign;
Kings after kings the regal line ſuſtain,
And from th' italian blood may Rome ariſe,
In all her pride and glory, to the ſkies.
But may a long oblivion quite deſtroy
The laſt, laſt ruins, with the name of Troy!

The goddeſs ſpoke; and, with a ſmile, replies
The ſire of men, and monarch of the ſkies.
Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,
Th' imperial ſiſter, and the wife of Jove,

With

With endleſs ſchemes of vengeance break her reſt?
Why burns ſuch wrath in a celeſtial breaſt?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, at length, and lay your anger by,
Since with your wiſh, my empreſs, we comply.
Th' Auſonians ever ſhall remain the ſame
In cuſtoms, garb, religion, and the name;
And the loſt trojan race forget from whence they came.
In manners, laws, and language ſhall they join,
And Ilion ſhall encreaſe the latian line.
From hence a pious godlike race ſhall riſe;
The firſt of men; the darlings of the ſkies.
Nor all the nations of the world ſhall pay
More glorious honours to thy name, than they.
Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
Flies to her palace, in the realms above;
'Twas then th' eternal fire of heav'n expell'd
The watry goddeſs from the fighting field.
Two hideous monſters wait obſequious by,
Tremendous fiends! the furies of the ſky.
Hell-born and horrible, they ſprung to light,
With dire Megæra, from the womb of night.
Huge wreaths of ſerpent ſpires their temples bound,
Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around.
When bent the minds of mortal men to ſcare
With the black horrors of the laſt deſpair;
Wheh for the guilty world the god prepares
Woes, death, diſeaſe, blue peſtilence and wars;
In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd,
Before the throne of heaven's almighty lord;
To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they ſtand,
Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.

Of

Of theſe the ſwifteſt from the ſkies he ſent,
To fright the goddeſs with the dire portent.
Fir'd with her charge, the fiend with rapid flight,
Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
As when the parthian dips, with fatal art,
And doubly arms with death, th' envenom'd dart;
He draws the circling bow; the quiv'ring ſtring
Twangs; and the weapon whizzes on the wing:
So ſwift to earth the baleful fury flew,
Till Turnus and the hoſts appear'd in view.
When lo! contracted, to the bird ſhe turns,
That hoots o'er deſolated piles and urns,
Whoſe piercing ſtrains the midnight hours invade,
And break the ſolemn ſilence of the ſhade.
Chang'd to this form obſcene, the fury flies
Round Turnus' head, and chills him with ſurprize;
This way and that ſhe flutters o'er the field,
And ſcreams his death, and beats his ſounding ſhield.
His inmoſt ſoul a ſudden horror ſtung,
Stiff roſe his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue;
But ſoon, too ſoon, the goddeſs knew the ſound
Of the black fury as ſhe flies around.
She tore her beauteous face in wild deſpair,
Beat her white breaſt, and rent her golden hair.
Ah me! ſhe cries, in this unequal ſtrife,
How can thy ſiſter now defend thy life?
What can I more to lengthen out thy date,
(Wretch that I am!) and ſtop the courſe of fate?
How can I ſtand that hideous fiend of night?
Hence, hence, ye furies!---lo, I quit the fight.
Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
Nor fright a trembling goddeſs to deſpair.

Too well I know your pinions clattering round.---
There was a ſcream!---Hell, hell is in the ſound!
You came (I know) commiſſion'd from above,
Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
This then, is this the ſole reward beſtow'd
For my loſt honour by the grateful god?
Ah! why this length'ned life muſt I endure?
Deny'd the taſte of death, its only cure!
Curs'd with the fruitleſs honours of the ſky!
Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Pleas'd, with my brother wou'd I yield my breath,
And ſhare his fate, unprivileg'd from death.
Joy is no more; and nothing Jove beſtows
In life immortal, but immortal woes!
Earth! earth! thy inmoſt center open throw,
And reſt a goddeſs in the ſhades below!
Then in her azure robes ſhe wrap'd her head,
Sigh'd, ſob'd, and plung'd into her watry bed;
Her laſt low murmurs, as the ſtream divides,
Work up in air, and bubble on the tides.
Now at the foe, the trojan heroe ſhook
His pointed ſpear, and ſternly thus beſpoke:
What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight?
'Tis ſtrength, not ſwiftneſs, muſt decide the fight.
Try all thy arts and vigour to eſcape
Thy inſtant doom, and vary every ſhape;
Wiſh for the morning's rapid wings, to fly;
Shoot down to hell; or vault into the ſky.---
Not thoſe inſulting empty vaunts I dread,
Reply'd the mournful chief; (and ſhook his head;)
No---but the gods with fear my boſom move,
And he my greateſt foe, almighty Jove!

The warrior said; and cast his fiery eyes,
Where a huge stone, a rocky fragment lies;
Black, rough, prodigious, vast!--the common bound
For ages past, and barrier of the ground.
Scarce twelve strong men the ponderous mass could raise,
Such as disgrace these dark degenerate days.
This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe:
But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
His loose knees tremble, nor support their load,
Round his cold heart congeals the settling blood.
Short of the mark, and guiltless of a wound,
Th' unweildy mass came thund'ring to the ground.
And, as when slumber seals the closing sight,
The sick wild fancy labours in the night,
Some dreadful visionary foe we shun
With airy strides, but strive in vain to run;
In vain our baffled limbs their powers essay,
We faint, we stagger, sink and fall away;
Drain'd of our strength, we neither fight nor fly,
And on the tongue the struggling accents die:
The chief so labours, but with fruitless pain;
The fiend still thwarts him, and he toils in vain!

Amidst a thousand doubts, he stands oppress,
A thousand terrors working in his breast.
Now to the latian battlements on high,
Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye,
Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly.
No friendly aid, no glimmering hopes appear,
No car, no steeds, nor goddess charioteer!

With levell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part,
Then whirls with all his force the whizzing dart.
A stone disploded, with less fury far,
Flies from the brazen enginry of war:
And wrap'd in flames, far less enrag'd and loud,
Bursts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
Swift as the whirlwind sweeps along the skies,
The javelin, charg'd with sure destruction, flies;
Its rapid progress thro' the seven-fold shield,
And the thick mail, with matchless fury held;
Thence, thro' his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,
And bent the hapless warrior to the ground.
With peals of groans the pale Rutulians rise,
The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.
His eyes and hands the vanquish'd heroe rear'd,
And, to the chief, his moving prayer preferr'd:
Prince, I deserve, nor deprecate my death;
Then, use thy fortune; take my forfeit breath!
Yet, if a parent's woes thy soul incline,
Think what thy father was; then pity mine!
Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
Groveling and pleading for an only son!
Then save the son! in him the father save!
Nor bow his age with sorrow to the grave!
Or, oh! at least, this mercy I implore,
My breathless reliques to my friends restore.
Thine is the conquest; lo! the latian bands
Behold their general stretch his suppliant hands!
Restrain thy farther vengeance; I resign
My former claim; the royal fair is thine.
A while, the heroe touch'd with generous woe,
Repress'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe.

His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind,
When lo! by chance, the golden belt he spy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glittering at his side;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore,
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the slumb'ring vengeance in his soul.
Then with loud accents and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific to the prince he spoke:
Thou! wretch accurs'd! canst thou to grace pretend?
Clad in the spoils of my dear murder'd friend?
Go then, a victim to his spirit, go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is his ghost aton'd;---the heroe said;
And buried in his breast the furious blade.
With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majestic soul disdainful plung'd to hell.

FINIS.

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